

Italian
tragedy

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THE MOOD DRUGS

CURE OR CURSE?



South Africa still calls the plays

Economic sanctions are an empty Western threat

By Caryl Murphy

If Canadian officials who deal with Africa clench their teeth and frown whenever they speak of the latest developments in Namibia, that is understandable. It is three years since the five Western "contact" countries—Canada, France, Britain, West Germany and the U.S.—began their diplomatic drive to end more than 60 years of South African rule in Namibia, also called South West Africa. Last week a sort of turning point was reached with the announcement that talks involving South Africa and its guerrilla foe, the South West Africa People's Organisation (SWAPO), will take place early next month in Moscow. The talks are to centre on the implementation of a Western-designed plan, which both parties accepted over the year ago, for a United Nations-supervised ceasefire and elections in the disputed territory. But these talks were not originally part of the United Nations plan, and represent a major concession to South Africa. Western diplomats fear that Pretoria will use the talks to change the nature, direction and pace of the UN Plan, which is supposed to culminate in Namibia's independence by the end of 1991.

These recent events illustrate the limits of Western influence over South Africa, and they should put an end to all talk of sanctions against that country as a way to force Pretoria's compliance with a settlement in Namibia. Although sanctions have been held up as the West's weapon against South Africa, the truth is that the West does not consider them a workable option. In fact, the West has no credible threat it can use to force South Africa's compliance.

Throughout the three years of Namibian negotiations, the Western contact group has cultivated an ambiguity about their attitude to sanctions. The five have never threatened outright to impose sanctions on South Africa, and neither have they publicly renounced them.

In private, however, the West still speaks of mounting sanctions. This was clear in an under-the-table message South African Foreign Minister Riezel (Pik) Botha got two weeks ago on his visit to European capitals. In a kind of backhanded assurance that the West was not about to support sanctions, Botha was told the Western countries would be most upset if Pretoria's delaying tactics provoked a call for sanctions which they would have to raise, thus worsening their relations with black-led African countries. The Westerners are leery of sanctions because not only would they impact trade relations with South Africa, but might also risk the Namibian transition by infuriating Pretoria. With sanctions therefore less a threat than a waxy wannabe, Western diplomats are forced to tell after South Africa the empty tin can's strong to the leader of a belligerent couple's war. For its part, South Africa has

been at liberty to dilapidate over implementation of the UN plan and to indicate changes to it. The talks, set to begin early in January in Maputo, were a South African idea initially broached some months ago, through well-placed links in the press, that sent the proposal echoing into diplomatic corridors. The contact group suspected the talks to be a stalling device by Pretoria, but had no choice but to accede to them. Then South Africa said it did not want to be a "party to the talks, rather preference to strike the pace of a 'frontline state,' while the internal political parties it backs in Namibia face SWAPO directly across the table. Pretoria insisted on this as a demonstration of the United Nations' impartiality among all the parties that will be attending the election. In this way also the internal parties are seen as the de facto negotiators with SWAPO, thus making sanctions against South Africa even more remote.

Though SWAPO regards the internal parties as "puppets" of South Africa, and through the West insists it recognises South Africa alone as the de facto power in Namibia, it appears now that a compromise has been reached whereby the internal parties will sit at the table with only one South African official, the Pretoria-appointed governor of Namibia, in their delegation. A separate South African delegation will sit at the sidelines as "observers" so far it is 30-line for South Africa.

Thirdly, and most importantly, South Africa demanded that a conference not be restricted to just discussing implementation of the UN plan, but be open to talk of other "related matters." The reason is that South Africa would prefer to see a constitution for an independent Namibia drawn up before elections are held. South African officials privately admit that SWAPO, a socialist, Soviet-armed organisation, is bound to win, and under the UN plan at present, constitution-making is left to the winner of the elections.

The West and the UN objected to this because they feared that getting into constitutional matters would drag out the conference or lead it down the path of a stalemate, thus putting off indefinitely the ceasefire, elections and independence. But the door is now open for such a possibility.

All this is not to say that the Westerners' diplomatic efforts on Namibia are worthless. One Western ambassador has argued that their interest in Namibia has forced the South African cabinet to discuss the territory's future, what "sanctions" South Africa further down the road is a settlement there and has provided an alternative to the bloody guerrilla war now in its fifth year. "What would be happening if we were not involved at all?" he asked. It is a valid point. But however much the West is involved, it is still South Africa that is calling the shots.

Caryl Murphy is *Namibia's* South Africa correspondent.



SWAPO demonstrators: a major concession to Pretoria



The Alternative.

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Hey, this land is your land, too

"What disturbs me most is that Ottawa doesn't seem to care"

By Thomas L. Perry Jr

In furious at Ottawa. Always a staunch federalist, I'm beginning to wonder whether Peter Lougheed and Brian Peckford have been right all along. Maybe the government of Canada doesn't give a damn about the parts of our country that don't elect Liberals. Perhaps it truly can't understand the land it claims to be so determined to save. Ottawa seems ready to force independent-minded provinces to their knees, but lacks the guts to stand up to Washington even when its case is morally unimpeachable.

I work with a group called the Run Out Skagit Spoilers (noisy) Committee. Since 1969, we have been fighting tooth and nail to save a beautiful British Columbia valley from flooding by the Skagit City Light. Though we represent all the major environmental and outdoor groups in B.C., from day to day we are a small group of individual citizens.

We come from all walks of life and all political parties. We have no office of our own, no permanent staff, no money. Our strengths are the facts, our convictions and the overwhelming weight of public opinion both in B.C. and Washington state. As potent as in a powerful American electrical utility armed with highly paid lawyers and millions of dollars for public relations, and backed by the full weight of the U.S. state department.

The issue is an environmental classic: City Light wants to raise the existing Run Dam on the Skagit River, backing the reservoir 13 km north into B.C. Seattle would gain electrical energy worth at least \$1 million annually in return. B.C. would lose a unique river valley and get compensation of a mere \$34,566 per year.

The Canadian Skagit is a flat low-lying valley, which is partly in a zone dominated by hot, mountainous (Elagby per cent of B.C. is over 900 metres high, and 40 per cent is tundra). The Skagit is only a two- or three-hour drive from half the population of B.C., yet it remains in public ownership, protected as a Provincial Recreation Area. Through it flows the finest fishing and canoeing stream in the southwestern quarter of the province, and the valley's residents support a rich diversity of wildlife, birds, and rare plants untroubled anywhere in the region. Tens of thousands of people, Americans and Canadians alike, visit the Skagit to enjoy these special values every year.

South of the border, a wilderness valley holding the first 1,000 year-old giant cedars in the Pacific northwest would also be drowned. As others have exposed the dam every bit as hard as Canadians, but have finally exhausted all possible avenues of protest. They ask wonderingly, "Why won't you Canadians save your own land?"

The answer lies in a bizarre history that reveals much about the real nature of Canada's relations with the U.S.

(Maclean, Oct. 13, 1980) The Canada-U.S. Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909 requires authority from the International Joint Commission (IJC) for Seattle to flood the Canadian Skagit. When City Light applied to the IJC in May, 1941, claiming the urgent need for more electricity to meet the emergency of the Second World War, the commission scheduled a single hearing for Seattle in September of the same year. Meeting for less than two hours, at a time when Canada was desperately hoping the U.S. would enter the war, the IJC committed the Canadian Skagit to an emergency project which has yet to be built.

The nation depended on compensation for B.C. by Seattle. In 1952, the province came within a hair's breadth of signing the Skagit away for a lump sum of \$250,000. In 1967, for reasons known only to himself, B.C. Resources Minister Ray Wilks signed the whole valley away for \$40,566 a year. This was less than the land's value as a Christmas tree farm! Now, B.C. has launched a legal appeal to the IJC to rescind its 1942 Order of Approval and cancel the 1967 payment.

Where does Canada stand? Fresh from a speech effing American heavy-handedness with Canada, External Affairs Minister Mark MacGillivray told the House of Commons on Oct. 20 that B.C. had got itself into the Skagit bind and could bloody well get itself out. What hypocrisy!

The IJC has now answered B.C.'s request by calling for viewpoints from governments and the public on the matter.

At stake. As of this writing, Canada will not be participating. Whether from ignorance, politeness, paranoia of the province or simple inertia, I really don't know. But what disturbs me most is that officials and politicians in Ottawa don't seem to care! My concept of Canada seems vastly different from Ottawa's. I too believe that western and Atlantic resources belong to all Canadians, that we share a common interest. But by the same token, we're entitled to support when we're in trouble. Will Ottawa also support ineffectively when Maritime fishermen plead for support against the powerful American lobby? Will incompetence and ignorance prevent the federal government from pursuing the interests of Manitoba farmers threatened by the Garrison Diversion?

The Skagit is a symbol of what I love most about this land: beautiful, wild, an open option for the future. The IJC has finally given us a chance to make a new start consistent with present needs and values. For Ottawa to leave the defence of Canadian sovereignty to a handful of citizens is just not good enough. We deserve more from our government than this. Ottawa has until Dec. 17 to change its mind.

Thomas L. Perry Jr. is a Vancouver playwright involved since 1971 in the fight to save B.C.'s Skagit Valley.



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THIS CANADA

The magic capital of Canada

There are more magicians in Calgary than you can shake a wand at

By Suzanne Zwarun

While Stampede City may best be known for its cowboys, it also happens to be the magic capital of Canada and Christmas is a capital time to catch an streetside act. That's the month when many of Calgary's 150 card-carrying magicians turn up regularly at birthday parties and new-year levees, at Santa Claus appearances and headline entertainments.

But if Christmas is the busiest season, Calgary's magicians do anything but a disappearing trick the rest of the year. This Halloween, for instance, half a hundred youngsters were let loose in the city's Southcentre shopping mall. The entire cast of Star Wars, I and II, dabbed back and forth, with the exception of an Ewok that was a good deal less mobile than the original. Dracula gnashed his teeth. Superman kept about, setting his cape alight. A kid threatened to decapitate bystanders every time he whipped his stick and handkerchief around. The children's parents, ringed around them, left crowd control to the local Lions, who sponsored the party. The Lions and their

ladies, dressed as lavishly as the kids, whether they were in slick regalia or costumes, let life take its course.

It was up to magician John Kaplan to subdue the hubbub. With his Brillo mop of red hair and boyish grin, he looked as cherubic as the towel-wrapped signi sewing around. But the tall, slender Kaplan is a showman, and he was soon in command. "Magic deals with the world of illusion," he began, waving three lengths of rope and gaining the attention of the youngsters sitting down before his small, balloon-decorated stage. "Illusion," he went on, "is when you think that there are three different lengths of rope when, with some skilled handwork, there is, in fact, a single long rope."

There were no gasps of admiration, no applause, from that audience. "Thank you, both of you," said Kaplan, with a wry laugh, going on to his next feat. "I need a volunteer," he said, and ignoring the thicket of raised arms, chose a small girl in a brown velvet dress. Only when he asked her name—Tumara—did it dawn on him that the child was mentally retarded. Tumara stole the show, taking a bow while Kaplan demonstrated an escape bag, jangling the bag and nearly spitting Kaplan when she was asked to search it for eggs. Eventually—you could almost see Kaplan holding his breath—the egg vanished. "But you don't know where the egg is," Kaplan said to her. Unfortu-

Kaplan invites writer Zwarun, Brian MacIsaac, news of volunteer and (below) bubble trick box relief from technology



It's known as The Cream.



satiety for Kaplan, Tamara knew precisely where it was. She reached behind him and promiscuously feasted the egg setting in a dome on the prep box. Kaplan's grin grew a bit strained. Tamara, on the other hand, enjoyed the spotlight and was persuaded onstage with some difficulty. Kaplan chose his next volunteer wisely. Dracula took the stage, red and green handkerchiefs flutter, and the green one disappeared. Where could it be? Dracula, too, was a quick study. He dove into the prep box before Kaplan could stop him and emerged with the green handkerchief.

None of this fazed Kaplan. Slowly but perceptibly, the children's attention focused on the illusions. They gasped, applauded on cue, parents and shoppers nudging the children those deep by three, all equally mesmerized. Kaplan ended with a flourish of handkerchiefs, one of them giving birth to a live rabbit. The rabbit was black, even when a Leon in a Pancho Villa costume leveled a rifle—a real rifle—in its direction.

"Kids—they're little monsters," said Kaplan later, with a laugh. "But I like working with them, particularly when there are adults in the audience because they get such a kick out of the kids." At that point in his day, Kaplan should have been an expert on children. He began that morning with a performance for 10 preschoolers at a day-care centre, and followed that with another day-care show before playing the shopping centre. Even so, Halloween wasn't his busiest time. The Christmas parties began early in December, and he'll be doing as many as six shows a day until the end of the year.

Paradox who want magic entertainment have a top hot full of magicians to choose from in Calgary. There's 11-year-old Bill Melville, who launched his career at 9 after he got a magic kit for Christmas. There's the Andrews family, which appears as a clan. There's even, in a traditionally male field, a woman, Bernice Schipperon, who discovered magic as a child in a Book of Knowledge set. They're among Calgary's 40 regularly performing magicians, more, proportionally, than anywhere in any other Canadian city. The clutch of magicians, one of the largest magic book-publishing houses in the world and one of the continent's biggest magic supply stores, continue to blossom in Calgary the 40th of magic capital of Canada. Why Calgary? As any of the city's magicians will tell you, "It's because Mickey Haden is here."

"Magic just grew here," says Mickey's son, Brian. "It's not like mixing where you have to go to the raw material. People come to you and the more activity there is, the more people there are who get interested." Mickey Haden began performing as a magician in his native

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Alberts when he was 16 and traveled Canada with his show until a fluently arrived and lived him down. By the early 1960s, Haden had turned his hobby of collecting magic paraphernalia into a business. He and his given now now operate magic supply stores in Calgary and Seattle, run a mail order supply business that ships magic props to magicians from the U.S. & Canada, manufacture custom-made large-scale effects and maintain a personal library of some 4,000 volumes going back to the early 18th century—364 Haden books are among the 1,300 titles currently for sale.

can meet all the local and visiting magicians—people like Geoffrey Buckenham, an 86-year-old Englishman on tour in Canada, who dropped by to meet and greet members of Ring 66, the Calgary division of the International Brotherhood of Magicians. The downstairs of the house is wall-to-wall shelves crowded with booklets, fanzines, clocks, glasses, card catches, tubes, boxes, Indian rice bowls, peak caps. Their purpose is putting a new-magician would likely recognize only the

Children watch Kaplan work magic rings. Kaplan and his (below): buffed delight



The books trace the roots of magic beyond biblical times. "The court advisers to the Egyptian pharaohs probably were magicians," says Brian. "They had talking skulls, doves that appeared as if by magic. One of the things they did was transfer the head of a black bird to a white bird. That's magic." The first account of levitation goes back to 1365, when Shih's Aladdin Mohamed wrote about a man being turned into a cube, then lifted into the air at the palace of the Emperor of Delhi. "The magic we know today grew out of the court entertainments of the 1600s," says Brian, and while the popularity of magic waxes and wanes, it's currently having a heyday, from Las Vegas to TV screens. Nobody can pinpoint why unless it is a relief from an increasingly technological world. "It's live entertainment," says magician Schipper, "starting up for December breakfast with Santa appearances. "People know it's hokey, but they still enjoy it because they don't know how it's done."

In Calgary, the staff of magic is plentiful, most unassuming, in a practice hidden away in a rural route 661 road in north Calgary. At the Haden shop, where ancient pattern adorns the floor of Robert-Hoodin, the hero of master-magician Hoodin, you

Changes and Master Charge deals.

Even the magicians who come to shop sometimes don't know exactly what they want. "They'll say they have an idea, they want their assistant to rope and chain them into a box, stand on the box and, within a split second, they'll take her place. Can you do that?" they'll ask. "Haden can do that. Just as he can, for more David Copperfield, produce a balloon that can be penetrated by a needle without breaking. It takes practice, though, Brian warns, demonstrating how not to insert the needle. The balloon explodes with a pop.

Kaplan begins practicing at 9, after he gets a magic kit for his birthday. "The game that lets you throw your voice really works," says Kaplan. "But lots don't understand, when they see and say for it, that they have to practice to make it work." Kaplan figures he can't see practice time in half by apprenticing under Mickey Haden for five years. Another Haden apprentice, Edmondson's Dale Harnay, has gone on to tour the continent with the Hubert-Castle Circus and has syndicated his TV show as far away as Japan. Kaplan, only 22, isn't that well known, but he is making a living from magic, thanks to live-and-a-better work at Alberta outdoor arts and bars.



Kaplan, who changed into jeans after his shopping centre show, isn't done for the day. At 9 p.m., he gathers up his box, grey hair and Oliver, a Netherlands dwarf rabbit who has been with him for four years, and heads off to a private party. Noel Jeanette and Ellen Robert are having a Dungeons and Dragons party and they'd like a magic act. "It's right under their noses," Kaplan later explains. "They can see every movement of your hands and they're still fooled. That's what sells it."

This crowd is a breeze to sell. They ask and oh every sleight of hand, laugh at a line of patter that Kaplan didn't perfect on children. The magic rings come out, next together and separate again at an amulet-drawn from Kaplan. A hand sticks out from the audience, examines the ring, fails to discover its secret. It's the sort of anonymous picture you'd expect of a child. But the hand belongs to a grown man, his face as baffled as any four-year-old's. And as delighted. ☐

FOLLOW-UP

Promises, promises

U.S. space shuttle set to go in March—maybe

American space scientists were given with only last month when two Soviet astronauts, Leonid P. Popov and Valery V. Ryumin, returned to Earth after setting a record of 346 days in space aboard the cosmonaut station Salyut 6. Because, as the Soviets are arguing about with the manned exploration of space, the U.S. program seems to have stalled.

All hopes are still pinned to the development of the first reusable spacecraft,

off the ground, should be a crowning achievement. "We're working at the cutting edge of technology, where you're bound to have surprises and problems," explained Kenneth Kleinknecht, the NASA engineer in charge of

getting Columbia ready. "Also this is the first time anybody has built a reusable space vehicle."

The shuttle is designed to go into orbit, launch a cargo of military surveillance and civilian satellites, and make possible experiments that range from tracking the origins of human life to the fate of the universe. Then it will return to Earth, gliding to a landing. So far, another NASA official. "There is some suspicion that it might in fact be next June before the maiden voyage, but we are pretty sure that it won't be later than that." —WILLIAM LEWIS



Shuttle Columbia rides piggyback after 747, dodging edges of technology

known as the space shuttle. The 168,000-lb. shuttle, the size of a DC-9 airliner, was supposed to make its maiden flight—in Earth orbit—two years ago. But it simply wasn't ready and the flight, scheduled for Sept. 28, 1978, was postponed until November, 1978. A series of engine fires, faulty welds and wiring problems then forced the scientists to put it off another year and now it's been cancelled again, this time until next March.

Meanwhile, construction on the shuttle (called Columbia) continues at the Kennedy Space Center in Cape Canaveral, Fla. It's now running 33 per cent over budget and is expected to cost \$5.5 billion. No other major projects are being undertaken because the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has run out of cash. But the shuttle, when it finally goes

It's not the cinnamon that gives it spice.

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The 85-year-old perpetual motion blues machine

Her voice carries an entire musical tradition



By LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Twenty years ago, Alberta Hunter stopped out of a cab in Chicago. "Alberta, didn't you die?" asked an old acquaintance. "Certainly not, you old dog," she barked back. "This old jaggy's got a lot of mileage on her yet." Twenty years later in New York at The Cookery, a jazz venue in the Village, a frail little old lady makes her entrance way to the stage. Alberta Hunter, 85. Virtually without wrinkles, her hair pulled back into a bun which angles diagonally to the side of her head, she breaks into her standard opening, *My Castle's Broken*, and starts to swing. Based carriage included, so big that dogs could be trained to jump through them. Her elastic nose twitches up to the notes, then grows; blues notes come out like ascending wags of smoke. On the next one, a ballad, her long pointed nails, watching her grandson-old lip, reach up expressively. The audience has already picked tears in the palm of her hand.

Hunter: a legend has grown up around her

Alberta Hunter has been picking them in at The Cookery for the past three years, five nights a week, two shows a night. Cookery owner Barney Josephson, who started the nightclub Cafe Society in 1938 and helped launch the careers of the likes of Billie Holiday and Mary Lou Williams, persuaded her to return to singing after a 20-year hiatus. During those three years, a legend has grown up around her. Some swear her voice has gotten better, and they'll point to her recently released album, *Amtrak Blues*, as 100-proof proof. She's one of the few great blues singers left, and she carries on her voice as entire musical tradition. She's been there—way back then.

Now, at the end of her shows, Hunter addresses the audience: "Children—write to your parents; they love you. Let them know, just with a line or two, where you are and what you're doing." The plea couldn't be less gratuitous, for the most important person in her life

has been her mother. It was because of her mother that Hunter didn't perform for 20 years. When her mother died, as she puts it, "the song left me," she became a nurse at New York City's Goldwater Memorial Hospital, where many of the patients suffer from chronic and terminal illnesses. Her tour of duty was 5:30 in the night and the days, so different from the time she was the toast of European jazz clubs and American hot spots, "had a comforting sameness." In 1977 the hospital administration forced her into retirement, thinking she was 70; she was 88.

When Alberta was 8, as a 3, or maybe 16 (she's not quite sure), her mother, who worked as a maid in a white brothel in Memphis, Tenn., sent Alberta to the store for a loaf of bread. Having heard that girls could make good money singing in Chicago, and knowing her mother needed the money, Alberta passed on the bread and begged the trustee in the Windy City. Her first job was peeling potatoes in a boarding house where she made \$5 she mailed two of them back home. Four years later, after her men had beaten her and she had rubbed acquaintance with Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters and just about every other black performer worth mentioning, her mother said to her: "For heaven's sake, stop sending all this money. I'm tired of going to the bank."

Following her potato-peeling stint, Alberta got her first job singing at a dive called Dags Frank's, where the patrons were primarily junkies and prostitutes. "The girls there were good to me, telling me to not to drink or smoke, and to be a good girl," she recalls. She has never smoked and never drunk the hard stuff. "Never have, never will, honey." Though she didn't know whether she could sing, and didn't have any sophisticated ideas that is said to be much, it was at Dags Frank's and a few other dives that she discovered the blues.

Around that time she wrote what is perhaps the most famous blues song of all time, *Downhearted Blues*, which she recorded herself out while "The Emperor of the Blues," Bessie Smith, turned into her biggest hit. "Oh, I don't know how that song got written. I was a child myself when I wrote it. I didn't know music—didn't know one note from the other. But sometimes I'd pick out notes on the piano and sometimes they'd sound pretty good. I'd just keep on till I got some notes together." A pianist put the notes on paper and sent the song to Washington for copyright.

One thing Alberta says sticks in her ear in the popular misperception surrounding the blues. "I never had the blues myself. I'm singing what other girls are suffering. I never been mar-



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trated" (A sentiment she has expressed in the past goes to the tune of "Some man kill me, I kill him.") Now, you don't have to be mistreated by a man to have the blues; you can be worried about the rent money or getting a new coat. I seen plenty of girls get the blues over things like that. I want to clear this thing up—you do not have to be mistreated by a man to have the blues. Everybody can have the blues. Why, a child can have the blues! Child wants something and doesn't get it, sits in the corner and, baby, that child's got the blues!"

Though she has never had any musical training whatsoever, and has never had any personal reason for writing the songs she does, her song-

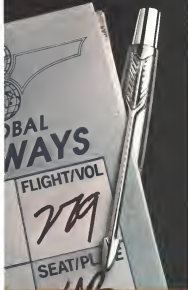


Worrier in rehearsal visqué an all get out

writing has flourished for a long time. I Got a Mind to Ramble, The Love I Have for You, Remember My Name from the film of the same name, You Better Change Your Way of Lovin' and I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Darlin', Rough-and-Ready Man, which she wrote when she was 82. Of all her songs, the one she wishes to be remembered by is I Want to Thank You Lord for My Blessings.

Deeply religious (she always gets a good word in for God in her act), who is not, however, a regular churchgoer. "I'll tell you why I don't go to church so much. My grandfather took me and sat me in church from early morning to late at night. I had to stay all day, all the time. Now when I get the feeling I go." She claims her religion has kept her "feet firmly planted on the ground." Like her friends Robeson and Marian Anderson. "Some of these youngsters," she says, "get written up once or twice

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"I carry the sun in a golden cup."

Ireland's famous poet
captures in words
the essence of Irish Mist.
Enjoy it soon.



and their heads get so big you can't buy a hat to fit them. They don't think about the next day."

Religion doesn't stop her from being as risqué as all get out. When she sings *My Honey Moon* ("he strokes my fiddle — dreams my wheat — chops my meat — it's a treat") she reduces her audience to a bunch of giggling adolescents. But when she's finished at *The Cookery* each night she goes home to her apartment on Riverside Drive, takes a shower and reads a little in bed. (She has never used soap on her face, just a little water and witch hazel, which she claims keeps the wrinkles away.) Sunday is definitely hers and hers alone. She turned down an invitation from the White House in 1978 "because it was my day off." She still rates the New York City buses and was reported a while back to be carrying an ice pack in her shopping bags for protection. Does she still carry it? She winks and reaches for her big handbag. "Yes, honey. If one of those little devils across me he's gonna get what he's not lookin' for. Is that thing [the tape recorder] on? Yeah, ready to wabbit. I'm tellin' you."

The dread ice pack notwithstanding, Hunter's life is governed by old-fashioned Christian charity. She ran away from home to help out her mother. She ran off and left her husband, Willard Saddy Townsend, in 1977, because she thought he could make a name for himself better without her; he did—started a transport workers union in Chicago. They were best friends until his death. A supermarket clerk, she can't resist a sale, though she doesn't cook or care much for food herself; what she does is send off her bargains as nice packages to the needy. A couple of years ago she read an article in the *New York Daily News* about Ruthie Watts and her children in Tyler, Ala., living on welfare payments of \$38 a month; she has been sending cheques and clothing to them ever since.

There are two things that have been done for her that she will always be grateful for. One of them was when a *Playboy* (in 1974's 11-7-74, baby!) gave her the chance to become a muse, despite her age of 62. "People need only a chance, that's all. Me. It gave me a chance to do what I wanted to do. It was when she was hired at *The Cookery* at the age of 62. "If somebody would come to you and say, 'I've got a woman who can sing but she's 62, would you hire her?' Suppose you asked what she looked like? And suppose you asked, 'Is she sexy?' You'd say, 'She's 62 and she's sexy! You must be crazy, you must be kiddin' me. Get away from me, tellin' me somebody 62 years old is sexy.'"

Her big beaped earrings start swinging and Hunter Hunter is ready for her second set of the evening. ☺



Harry Rosen is an artist, then his windows are his gallery. A splash of colorful, expressive combination of textures: A classic sense of taste and style. —Lynette Kelly Harry Rosen

Have you seen Harry lately?

HARRY ROSEN

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No-sense censorship

I dislike censorship. When David Randen and company decided that they would remove lawn ornaments that they found distasteful, they were performing the same censorship as groups that want books removed from library shelves, pictures removed from public display and control over what is shown in theatres (*Previous* Randen and Wendy Dineley, Canada, Oct. 28). David Randen and company are, in my opinion, thieves who should be held accountable for their actions.

—KENNETH M. JOHNSON
Riverside

No emotional rescue

In his article *A Chapter in the World's Worst Tort* (Television, Oct. 6), Mr. O'Toole has decided for us that the outcry surrounding Vanessa Redgrave's casting in "petty, lacking in substance and, most awful of all, stupid." The issue is that the image of Redgrave portrayed a victim of *Assault*, transposed with the image of her dancing with a sub-machine-gun in the documentary *The Palestinians*, is revolting. Also, the casting did not take into account the protest of the survivor, Ms. Feenler herself. That Redgrave can play the part is beyond question, that the should is a question that transcends O'Toole's moralistic pronouncements.

—N. KENNEDY
Toronto

In his review Lawrence O'Toole shows, in my opinion, a total insensitivity and lack of understanding of the position held by the Jewish community concerning Vanessa Redgrave's portrayal of Paula Feenler. It is inappropriate to



Randen with his liberated friends: a cheap prank that got out of hand

allow someone who espouses the destruction of the State of Israel (and with it the Jewish nation) to portray a victim of that same anti-Semitism.

—LATHEA SLATE-MARIN,
Toronto

Bordering on friendship

I was disappointed and troubled by your coverage of U.S.-Canadian relations (*Looking to the Future*, Cover, Oct. 12). Of course, we have our difficulties and scores of unresolved issues. Each of us has understandable gripe about the activities of the other. Yet I submit the reward of accomplishment to the benefit of both sides is not only impressive, but unprecedented between two nation states. We have recently made important progress on most of the issues on our joint agenda that your article high-

lighted. The U.S. and Canada have a long tradition of working closely and co-operatively together. I am certain that we will continue to draw on that tradition and resolve constructively the issues that confront us.

—ROBERT M. CLINTON
Ambassador, Embassy of the
United States of America,
Ottawa

The caption under the photograph of me in your article on Canadian-U.S. relations correctly states with the statement "we're the ones that got screwed." Your article, however, attributes that insight to some anonymous diplomat, not to me. I don't think I have ever asserted in negotiations with the U.S. that we "got screwed every time," because it is not true. It happens only some of the times.

—BOBBY GILLY
Trade Policy Advisor,
Government of Ontario,
Toronto

I did not like or agree with your article on Canadian-U.S. relations. I'm one Canadian who believes we gain more than we lose economically and culturally from living next door to the U.S.A. I like having free access to American books, TV and films. I do not agree with articles whose intent is to encourage hostility between our two countries.

—HOPE BRIDGEMAN,
Halifax, N.S.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and must correspond to *Letters to the Editor*, Mailbox magazine, 381 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5G 1S7.

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MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER

1979 David Green, Montreal
1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1977 Jimmy Edwards, Hamilton
1976 Ray Lancaster, Saskatchewan
1975 Willie Buchan, Calgary
1974 Tim Wilkerson, Edmonton
1973 Leonard McGowan, Edmonton
1972 Lester Hendry, Hamilton
1971 Don Jones, Winnipeg
1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968 Bill Symons, Toronto
1967 Peter Lurie, Calgary
1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1964 Leland Coleman, Calgary
1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962 George Dixon, Montreal
1961 Bernie Felsky, Hamilton
1960 Jack Parker, Edmonton
1959 Johnny Bright, Edmonton
1958 Jack Parker, Edmonton
1957 Jack Parker, Edmonton
1956 Hal Patterson, Montreal
1955 Pat Andrews, Montreal
1954 Sam Eberhardt, Montreal
1953 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973 Ray Nutten, B.C.
1972 Bob McLean, Calgary
1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1969 John LaCrosse, Saskatchewan
1968 Ken Lehtonen, Ottawa
1967 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
1962 John Rayner, Hamilton
1961 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
1960 Bob Gray, Winnipeg
1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
1958 Don Lutz, Calgary
1957 Ray Veach, Ottawa
1956 Ray Veach, Ottawa
1955 Ray Veach, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
1978 Jim Louis, Ottawa
1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
1976 Don Yachan, Montreal
1975 Charles Turner, Edmonton
1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1979 Ben Zamboni, Hamilton
1978 Dave Forcett, Edmonton
1977 Dan Arpley, Edmonton
1976 Al Baker, B.C.
1975 Joe Gorgul, Toronto
1974 John Hickey, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
1978 Joe Polyzinski, Winnipeg
1977 Leon Singh, B.C.
1976 John Scarra, B.C.
1975 Tim Clements, Ottawa
1974 Sam Clements, Toronto
1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
1972 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1979 Dave Forcett, Edmonton
1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1975 Jim Foley, Ottawa
1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
1973 Gerry Gopko, Ottawa
1972 Jim Young, B.C.
1971 Terry Shephard, Montreal
1970 Jim Young, B.C.
1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968 Ken Norton, Winnipeg
1967 Terry Goodwin, Calgary
1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1965 Allen Rizzo, Hamilton
1964 Tony Grant, Hamilton
1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962 Harry Wyle, Calgary
1961 Tony Fancettowski, Calgary
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One strong voice of Yiddish wisdom

Two years ago this month, Isaac Bashevis Singer was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Though not the first Jewish Nobel laureate, Singer was the first recipient who wrote in Yiddish, the 90-year-old language of East European Jewry. Isaac Singer was born the son of a rabbi in 1904 and spent most of his young life in the shtetl quarter of Warsaw. There he was exposed to two opposing worlds, the old ways of the religious culture and the modern life introduced to him by his older brother, Israel. As a young man working as a proofreader and a translator, Singer began to put his own words on paper. He first tried to write in Hebrew, but found greater freedom of expression in Yiddish. By the early 1930s, Singer had written several short stories and a novel, *Satanstoe*. In 1935, Singer left Poland in 1935 to join his brother in New York City, and his adjustment to the alien culture was slow and difficult. However, since returning his literary voice to the world, he has been recognized a prolific and successful writer as a novelist and short-story writer. Today, his work is cherished for its re-creation of Jewish life in the Polish community, which, tragically, did not survive the Nazi holocaust. Singer was in Toronto on the guest of York University's Jewish Student Federation to give the annual Leonard Weisman lecture. He spoke with free-lance writers Abbe Edelman and Leah Weitzman.

Muskie's: Outgoing readers have called you a lecturer and a perogonist. Why are you so fascinated by sex?

Singer: A young person like you should ask such a question? Yes, indeed I know why. People think about love and sex from the cradle to the grave, no matter what they say. It is the very essence of human life. You take away love and sex, and life becomes empty. This is certainly true about literature. A number of writers have tried to write a novel without love and sex, but they never succeeded. Nonetheless the human character revealed as well as in a love story.

I myself, don't use the so-called four-letter words. I don't need it, but there is nothing wrong in describing human beings first getting acquainted, then kissing and then making love in bed. We all come from this.

Muskie's: Is there any danger that the topic will be exhausted?

Singer: No, because there are many variations of love as there are many variations of human beings. Every love story



'You take away love, sex, and life becomes empty.'

is actually new in the universe. If you are in love with a girl, you and this girl are new variations of the human species. You will talk differently, you will feel differently, you may even make love differently, so there is no fear of repetition. Of course, bad writers repeat themselves, but good writers find what is new.

Muskie's: It was not always so easy to write about love and sex.

Singer: You know that Flaubert had to go to court when he wrote *Madame Bovary*? He was sued as a perogonist. And I was told that one day Tolstoy wrote a chapter of a novel in which he told the real story—not only a real love story, but a real sex story. He showed it to his wife and she said, "My

God, if you publish this your whole reputation will be ruined forever." He tore it up immediately, but he had the desire to try it because he knew that love does not only consist of talking and loving.

Muskie's: Something else that sparks your readers are the demons, tricksters and goblins.

Singer: This is my own superstition [sardonic belief]. The demons symbolize all sorts of things. They create a kind of inner strategy. If you say a demon did it, actually it was done by man.

Muskie's: Do you believe in demons?

Singer: I believe that there may be entities of which we have no inkling. So many people maintain that they've seen demons. In olden times, people wore wool clothes. Sometimes when these people took off their clothes at night they saw sparks as we do when you take off your sweater in the dark. What did they think? Nothing is mentioned in any book about these sparks. People were afraid to admit that they saw them because they would be called a witch or a sorcerer. They just kept quiet. I say we also see sparks of which we are afraid to talk. Cases of telepathy and clairvoyance have been around for generations. I think a writer should be the first one to extend these things.

Muskie's: Have you ever seen a demon?

Singer: No, I never saw a demon. I have no use to grind. I have no evidence, but we can sometimes live with facts without evidence.

Muskie's: Gosh. Literature redeems humanity?

Singer: I don't think a writer can do it. It's a fact that the Nazis were reading very good novels and poems and were not prevented from being what they were.

Muskie's: Is there no hope of redemption?

Singer: Sometimes I feel that man is going to remain what he is. But sometimes I hope that maybe something will happen and that humanity will come to a redemption. As a matter of fact, we can think that humanity has made certain conclusions. There was a time when fathers tried to rape their own daughters, and women lived with their sons. But it seems that these things brought as much misfortune and trouble that humanity decided that incest is not good for us. So maybe they will make a decision that wars are not good.

Muskie's: Why was storytelling renewed?

Singer: I will tell you why. Today we

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have photography and film, but in the olden times if a day was passed the day was lost. So people said, "Time is not completely lost, we remember that five years ago something like this happened!" Man doesn't want to say that the past is completely lost.

Maclean's: What is your advice to young writers?

Singer: The only advice I could give to a beginning writer is to write about the things you know best. Don't go to Spain and come back with a book about Spain.

'God's wisdom we see. God's mercy we don't see much.'

four weeks later. Write about your little village, your family, the people you know best. If you have talent, something will come out. If you don't have talent, a little paper was spoiled.

Maclean's: When you're writing about pre-war Poland, does the horror of the Holocaust ever create a writer's block?

Singer: In *Witness*, death does not exist. When I see Jews in a scene about those people, I don't think all the time that they are dead, just as I don't think all the time that I'm going to be dead. I cannot sit there and mourn all the time because that is the history of everything alive.

Maclean's: You left Poland in 1935. Did you foresee what was about to happen?

Singer: I foresaw it. In this respect Hitler was very sincere. He meant what he said. He was a murderer and he wanted to murder.

Maclean's: Was this a special foreboding that you had and others didn't?

Singer: The others did too but they couldn't get visas. Many could not afford to leave. In my case, my brother was in North America and he sent me an affidavit and I came here as a tourist.

Maclean's: What was your first impression of North America?

Singer: There was a feeling of bewilderment. The Depression was still on. Everybody told me they lost the stocks—a million dollars, a half a million dollars. It was bewildering—so many millionaires!

Maclean's: Did you ever think of going to Israel instead of North America?

Singer: First of all, I didn't know about it. They were very fascinated about it and very much against Yiddish. But here there was a Yiddish press.

Maclean's: Do you agree with those who say that Yiddish is a dead language?

Singer: First of all, Yiddish is not really dead. More people speak Yiddish than Norwegian. We forget that there are about 2,000 small languages each spoken by 100,000 to 500,000 people. Yiddish is not yet the smallest. Secondly, many languages die, just like people.

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'Hitler was a murderer and he wanted to murder.'

Hebrew was considered a dead language for a time. If you create something good, it's not lost. As far as Yiddish is concerned, if the Jewish people will not speak Yiddish, 500 years from now they will be interested in Yiddish literature and they will translate it and write about it.

Maclean's: What are your feelings about what is happening in Poland?

Singer: For hundreds of years the Poles have been between two very strong nations, the Prussians and the Russians. They've always been in danger of being torn to pieces by a lion on one side and a tiger on the other. As long as human beings exist, I suppose, attack, attack, don't have a chance for complete independence. They are not in a good position, but there are many small, weak nations and they have to live too. What can they do?

Maclean's: What is your conception of God?

Singer: As long as humanity has existed, He has had all kinds of names—the Creator, God, the Father, that are all somehow believe that it is not just an accident, that atoms were flying around and then joined. The feeling is that there is a plan to all this and that there are powers higher than we are and they somehow control all this. The materialist who believes that creation is a blind accident is a believer in nonsense.

God's wisdom we see. God's mercy we don't see much because the same creatures he creates with so much care he lets perish without any care. So since we see His wisdom we can give him a little credit that there is some mercy, although we don't understand it.

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CANADA

The wise owl of Rideau Hall

'Life for us is more difficult, but it is still full of wonders'

I had all the trappings, but failed to live up to the full imagery of a "state funeral." There were few tears, even what a usage wind off the Ottawa River could extract, and the streets were almost without mourners as the cortege moved down Parliament Hill toward Notre Dame Basilica. Jules Léger, the 82nd governor-general of Canada, might have been among his funeral, without the television cameras and cardinals, could have been much like those that take place every day in this country—just the way he would have wished.

"Everyone here is a friend of the deceased," Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau Floude said in his simple homily to the gathering. It wasn't necessary to have touched to have felt. The diplomatic corps could appreciate Léger's service as ambassador to Mexico, Italy, Belgium and Luxembourg, NATO and, particularly, to France during the delicate time of Charles de Gaulle's *vive la République* call. The mandarin sitting above and to the right of the simple flag-draped casket would know of Léger's dedicated work in the department of external affairs. There were those who remembered him as the brilliant scholar, the young journalist, the professor. And there was the dourly, thinking mostly of the good-humored husband, father and grandfather who was far less interested in ceremonial than in making sure 380 children from the Ottawa Boys' and Girls' Club eat down with him each year for Christmas dinner.

"Sligh" was their affliction," former Quebec lieutenant-governor Paul McGillion read from the Book of Wisdom, "great will their blessings be." But Jules Léger's affliction was far from slight. He was appointed in 1974, and the first six months of his stewardship were full of pressure—he was a visible, likable and articulate governor-general who could bargain with Prime Minister Jean Charest, newspaper publishers for dwelling on bad news—but his first severe stroke meant that though he would survive, the pressure would not. Backed by a tough, witty wife, Gaby, he rebuffed Pierre Trudeau's gentle prodding and resignation and, instead, turned the office into a husband-wife partnership. It often worked—but that was the era of the Parti Québécois victory, a silent



Mourners bear flag-shaped casket from Basilica (top) following Léger's funeral (bottom left). Jules and Gaby at Rideau Hall: "It was swell being with you"

symbol was at times unfortunate when rare turned anxiously for the voice of reason.

The best governors-general leave legacies—from Lord Stirling's Cup to Lord Cusham's report—and Jules Léger's greatest service was an inspiration to the afflicted. He took speech therapy daily, but his second language remained largely beyond the reach of what he called his "lary" tongue. His valiant determination, however, proved that the handicapped should not be dismissed. "Life for us is more difficult," he said, "but it is still full of wonders."

When the wonder of life left, it was not a shock—not after the first stroke and then the second, followed by coma. If there were no tears it was for that reason, not through lack of companionship. "To me," said Bill Bryson, a private counsel clerk who did not know Léger but could his Wednesday lunch hour to give his respects. "It was a marvelous feat that he fought against this handicap." The man Trudeau once called "the wise owl of Rideau Hall" was dead. And a simple phrase his wife gave the country on their 1979 retirement—"It was swell being with you"—was a phrase worth returning to, on this final ceremony. —ROY MACDONALD

Maclean's
FEBRUARY 1990

Attitude is being dragged because no one with PBL would ever give half the region's people. As well, Ottawa could instigate an amendment by blocking a referendum and waiting in the same areas. If the provinces don't like that scheme, they have two years to correct a better one, a referendum would have to be between federal and provincial plans, if eight provinces with 80 per cent of the population could agree on one. This issue seems remote to most people, but not to politicians. Said Alberta Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Dick Johnston "In my view, the amending process is really at the heart of the issue." P.R.'s Angus MacLean, first premier to appear at the parliamentary committee, put it first among his specific priorities.

Nevertheless, the heart of the constitutional proposal remains the charter of rights. Questions of drafting and detail aside, it is intended to help protect the individual against the power of the state, the minority against the weight of the majority. Japanese Canadians testified to the risks in the public peace of ethnic Italian leaders, by one trust, can tell of land discrimination so comprehensive that it often goes unseen. Even if one state is not sufficient to protect rights, history may already have proven it necessary.

—JOHN HAY



Hatfield and TV replacement, Woody Woodpecker in search of a network



Earlier last week, Hatfield was at it again before a Montreal hearing by the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC), demanding to know why his province should be the only one without a full-time CBC TV station and urging the commission to "tell the CBC you'll not renew its licence" unless the corporation publicly strengthens its presence in the province. CBC programming in Fredericton's new TV unit are just as frustrated as the premier. They have to buy 60 minutes of airtime from CHATV, the Saint John affiliate, to give New Brunswick viewers a supper hour of regional news and public affairs called *New Brunswick Report*. The private station carries most regular CBC network hours, including *The National*, but also devotes a lot of its time to newscast shows. An owned-and-operated CBC station could produce more regional programming and also feed the rest of the country at least occasional glimpses of

what's going on in New Brunswick. As it is now, the CBC's new Fredericton building is, in Hatfield's phrase at the opening, "a production facility in search of a network." Even were the CBC to build its own transmitter, it couldn't air any programs because no channels are left in the conventional over-the-air (over-the-airway) range. Several years ago, the CBC took steps to buy the Saint John station from the R.C. Irving interests but found out that, as Irving executive Ralph Costello told the CRTC last week, "in a matter of principle, the station is not for sale." (Funding both translation "The Irving doesn't sell things, they just buy things.") The CBC's only remaining option may be to erect a GHP (ultra high frequency) transmitter and feed its more limited signal into the province's growing network of cable systems.

As often as well as English-speaking viewers ranged up on the CBC at the CRTC session, even though the French service, Radio Canada, does operate a Montreal TV station. Spokesmen for French-speaking groups protested that CRTC reaches only about 40,000 of a potential viewing audience of 130,000, most of whom live in northeastern New Brunswick. Things will improve when Radio Canada frees up new radio and TV receiver transmitters at Allardville next month, and it has plans for another TV transmitter in the Campbellton-Dulac area. But French television will still have only one reporter on the entire north shore and, meanwhile, Claude Chénier of the Académie de la Presse de New Brunswick, "our journalist for 100,000 Acadians is not enough."

—DAVID PALMER

Saskatchewan

Privy to a dark political plot

The two-ton flatbed truck that came rattling down Fourth Street, Estevan's main drag, provided the action highlight of provincial legislative day in Saskatchewan last week. Perched precariously on the back was a disguised privy crudely crisscrossed with such Tory mottos as *TRUTH AND HONESTY*, *THE BROTHERHOOD* and *WHITHER FUGITIO*. The seat of the two-holer had been removed and mounted up front, labelled *WALKING FOR TRUTH*. Estevan police, alerted by a telephone call, swung into action to surround the privy and determine whether it demonstrated a breach of the election act's ban on voting-day campaigning.

Even if Liberal and NDP suspicions of a Tory plan had proved true, however, no parole (aid to prevent Saskatchewan Conservative leader Grant Devine from defect in his effort to win a seat in the leg-



A privy contrary to the election act?

islature. Devine came to succeed by 19 votes as Jack Chuprun of the NDP, the leading being ex-Liberal MP Ralph Goodale, trying to become the only Liberal in the legislature. While the *Times* AI managed to take Kelsey-Tisdale riding from the NDP by 113 votes, the NDP comfortably captured the third seat in the Battlefords, a seat they have held for three decades. However, even with the balance of power unchanged in the provincial house (NDP 44, PCs 13 and two independents) and the opposition leadership left in some question, Premier Allan Rockaway's New Democratic government could hardly call the outcome less an overwhelming vote of confidence. The party vote went up only marginally in Regina and actually dropped in the other two ridings—because of low turnouts and the NDP. The by-elections were precipitated by the resignation of two women and high-profile, and now, Saskatchewan's Jack Rukony's nine-year administration, was riddled with dissension over the premier's moderate stand in the constitutional debate.

Disappointed by Devine's loss, many To-

Winner Chuprun (right) congratulated by NDP's Walker (left); not an overwhelming vote of confidence



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ris granted that a deal had been struck between the NDP and Liberals to prevent a re-run to Estevan. "We assume it, but it's pretty hard to prove," said party President Gary Lee. As for the hostile bit of media smear that surfaced in Estevan on election day, it turned out to be more of an anti-Democratic rant than a provincial political statement. The day is one of the same cryptic hints of proxy graffiti towards domination of southern Saskatchewan and driver Frank Boal, a mechanic and truck driver in Mossburn, has resisted a one-man war against the Trudeau government ever since a cousin from Ireland he hadn't seen in 30 years was turned back by Immigration officers at Toronto International Airport last February—after a secret hearing during which no reasons were given. —DAVID THOMAS



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

Radio-Canada news mostly on a national unity. The alleged collusion by journalists was in exchange for a promised promise of positions of power.

Compounding Radio-Canada's embolism is a month-long strike by its 180 reporters working inside Quebec. Rightist, the strike's union has publicly sided with the bosses in the alleged patch attempt. It repudiates any anti-management rhetoric in Ottawa where colleagues, though working for the same news show, belong to a separate union and continue to collect salaries.

In a curious switch from the usual, it is Quebec politicians who are now complaining that they are being treated unfairly by Radio-Canada journalists. Because Ottawa reporters continue to work, the network succeeds in broadcasting details on Trudeau's effort to revitalize the constitution while Quebec's government and oppo-

Montreal

Fifth columns and the fourth estate

Unlike the CBC, whose fragmented network offices battle in crannies all over Toronto, sipping Radio-Canada thrives nakedly into the Montreal skyline—and into the sometimes prestigious and polished heights of French-Canadian politics. Usually it is Radio-Canada reporters who must defend themselves against accusations by federal politicians that they are closet separatists. But last week the state of siege had attained the editorial offices high in the Radio-Canada tower as the network's top bosses vowed to thwart what they fear to be an attempted prison against them by the Trudeau government in collusion with some of their own journalists.

Called on the grey carpet last Friday before Radio-Canada's four highest news executives was Ottawa political reporter Paul Blaise who had, earlier last week, publicly scorned his superiors of incompetence and said he hoped heads would roll before Christmas. That was too blatant.



Radio-Canada building in Montreal moved to thwart an attempted patch

for the news bosses to ignore—particularly for Information Minister Mary Thibault, who said Macdon's he had been warned by political sources in Ottawa that Radio-Canada journalists were conspiring with politicians to bring about the election's downfall. That, warned Thibault, would reveal the end of Radio-Canada's journalistic independence. Reporter Blaise denies the existence of such a rebellion, as does his colleague and equally experienced colleague, Françoise Poirault.

But Thibault is convinced that some of his reporters supplied internal news service documents to members of the Conservative Communications Committee which, last month, revealed Radio-Canada's performance. The detailed, though somewhat dated, report of the attempted patch holds that government plotters were led by Communications Minister Francis Fox and Prime Minister Trudeau's principal secretary, Jim Coates, both discredited by

media parties are denied television coverage of their attempts to block it.

The strike inevitably evokes memories of a 1969 walkout by producers which started outlandish feelings among many Quebec broadcasters, prime among them television journalist René Lévesque. But the similarity is illusory because the striking journalists exhibit little sympathy for the plight of Lévesque's now-hungry government. Many in the critical issue-experienced reporters now make about \$30,000 a year with overtime—but management will not negotiate a substantial pay raise lest it become a benchmark for another 6,800 CBC and Radio-Canada employees deep in contract talks.

And despite the wailing of provincial politicians, there is little evidence that voters now Radio-Canada newscasts. More than the public may be tuning out of Radio-Canada. Its associated Information Director Thibault cancelled at week's end that he intends to quit in six months—but only after rooting out and crushing any underlings trying to hasten his fall from Radio-Canada's twisted tower. —DAVID THOMAS

CONNECTION

In an Oct. 1 issue, Maclean's quoted Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau as telling a Regina audience in October: "I saved Quebec. Somebody else will have to save the West." The quotation should have read: "I came into politics to keep Quebec in Canada. Somebody else will have to save the West." That comment was made, according to unpublished news reports, by Trudeau to Oppolisi last winter. Joe Clark, in a private conversation in June, Maclean's regrets the error.

"Finger of the alleged patch should include Radio-Canada Vice-President Joseph David and lower executives Pierre Poirault and Marcel Gagnier."

WORLD

Black Sunday's terrible toll

Southern Italy is devastated by a massive earthquake

By Theodora Laurie

It was a peaceful Sunday evening when the disaster struck. Within minutes, scores of towns and villages in southern Italy were reduced to rubble. A week later, the death toll from the massive earthquake continued to rise as growing survivors angrily condemned the slowness and confusion of early rescue efforts. Official casualty figures stood at 2,842 dead, 1,383 missing and 8,506 injured. But the army general directing rescue work predicted that the final death toll could exceed 10,000.

The most dramatic criticism came from the country's popular 88-year-old President Sandro Pertini, who delivered a heated message on national television following a visit to the quake zone. Pertini, a socialist, accused the conservative Christian Democratic government of "grave shortcomings" and insisted that "those who have failed must be punished." The call was heeded by a country long accustomed to administrative incompetence and sparked a flurry of two columns among officials. Premier Arnaldo Forlani, for his part,



Inspecting ruins and applying with coffee a warning against buying back-washed coffee



dismissed the critics with a curt "this is no time to feel pity," and refused to accept the resignation of Interior Minister Virgilio Rognoni.

In fact, the government had some grounds for its claim that circumstances had made the task of rescue unusually difficult. For one thing, the quake, Europe's deadliest in four decades, hit a vast area—50,000 square kilometers—populated by seven million people mostly living in isolated mountain villages. For another, heavy fog and the collapse of electricity and

phone lines hampered attempts to reach stricken towns or communicate with survivors. And while 5,500 soldiers were dispatched to the earthquake zone within 24 hours, reinforcements could not arrive immediately—two-thirds of the army is based near Italy's anti-eastern border with Yugoslavia.

Still, critics maintained that although the area was a highly seismic zone, protective building regulations had been ignored and a projected emergency plan had not been completed. And the thousands of volunteer workers on



Crushed can problems/ finger pointing

The scene insisted that quicker official responses would have saved more lives. "When we got here 48 hours after the quake, many villages still had only a handful of soldiers and no buildings," said Luigi Inui, a student from Milan.

Throughout the stinkier zone, mourners told gruesome tales of friends and relatives who met slow deaths. "For hours I could hear the cries of my little son and my mother," lamented Maria Imbrino, 38, who was on the street when her house in Lariano collapsed. "Then I couldn't hear them anymore."

By week's end, however, the soldiers, now ubiquitous, and the threat of substance abuse turned scenes of overwhelming destruction into a war zone. Most of the estimated 230,000 homeless were still camping out. Despite torrential rains, convoys of army trucks lumbered up the narrow mountain roads carrying tents, food and other provisions, while hundreds of volunteer workers from Germany and Switzerland and relatives from the United States and Canada returned to their home towns in a desperate search for missing loved ones.

Offers of help poured in from Italy's European Community partners and North America. By week's end the Canadian government and private—mainly local Italian—sources had shipped an \$2.1 million, while five Alitalia and CP Air shuttles were ferrying Canadian relatives to Italy and survivors, for whom normal immigration procedures were relaxed back in Canada.

The Italian cabinet quickly approved a €1.3-billion aid package and appointed

Giuseppe Zamberletti, the Christian Democrat widely praised for his handling of operations after the 1976 Friuli earthquake, is head the mountain cleanup. But Zamberletti expects more problems this time around. The worst-hit villages are in areas where winters are harsh and roads therefore useless. Fears were raised about the possibility of epidemics, and plans were under way to transfer most of the population to hotels, traders and railway cars requisitioned throughout the country.

Survivors remained wary of government promises, however. Although the state allocated millions of dollars in aid after the 1968 earthquake in the San Juan valley of Bolivia, 35,000 victims there live to this day in wood and tin shacks. Still, people refuse to despair: In the destroyed village of Muro Lucano, four days after last week's earthquake, 28-year-old Lucia Gervasio gave birth to a daughter amid the ruins of her former home. The girl's name will be Speranza—Hope. ☐

Uganda

Hope in the heart of darkness

Canada's erstwhile defence minister, Barry Danson, was in the midst of a somewhat grueling crash course on the hard realities of Ukrainian daily life last week. As Canada's representative on the 60-member Commonwealth observer team for Ukraine's Dec 18 combined presidential and parliamentary election, Danson had already discovered that it's tough finding a decent hotel room in the capital, Kyiv, not to mention enough water to have a bath. But any hardships eased Danson and his assistant, David

Protest, by the absence of attention, gained in comparison to the political problems. Amid the nightly gunfire, the claims and counterclaims of intimidation and fraud by party leaders must be overcome if Uganda's first election in 18 years is to be free and fair.

The hope is that with the assistance of observers the elections will be both fast and free. Ugandans expect that election "irregularities" can be avoided altogether. Indeed, the task of the Commonwealth team is thought to be deciding what level of corruption is acceptable in a country where Idi Amin's eight-year reign of terror largely destroyed ethical and moral standards.

Twenty months after Lima's need faded before the advancing Tamaranese army, the country is still in chaos. Far ordinary lipgloss, survival is a daily battle to trade, steal or steal money to buy basic necessities—much currency fetch an orthodox \$45 (a month's pay) a bunch. Many rely on the underground (black market), and some make money (but also) are prospering by smuggling the only source of foreign exchange money, from the coast. In the meantime, the country's "big game" has died, but for the help of international relief agencies, the death toll is the famine-stricken state, estimated at over 200,000, would be much higher.

That the election is being held at all is something of an achievement. Eighteen years after independence, tribal tensions are still a very serious factor. Indeed, the three parties contending the election were reluctant to go into the

Stanley boundaries: claims and counterclaims of infiltration and fraud



Obtaining the fat cells are progressing

ring with former president Milton Obote's dominant Uganda People's Congress party (UPC). They are:

- The Democratic Party (DP) headed by newspaper publisher Paul Ssemugenyi, which draws its support from Uganda's largest tribe, the Baganda
- The Uganda Patriots Movement (UPM), a new party led by Marxist guerrilla fighter Yoweri Museveni
- The Conservative Party (CP), a small pro-monarchist party

All these parties had demanded that there should be only one ballot box at each of the 3,616 polling stations. More than that, they demanded, would allow voters to mark the elections. But the chairman of the ruling Military Commission, Paul Kagame, a former supporter, disagreed, so that it will be for a long period, one for each party. If the electoral process proved flawed it will not be for lack of effort by Uganda's Commonwealth partners. That effort is due, no doubt, to the realization that democracy is a precious commodity in Africa—there are very few multiparty states left. But it is by no means certain that Uganda, despite its long exposure to international, regional and local acceptably free land and mineral deposits, will remain one of them.

—GEOFF WILSON/MTV

El Salvador

The murderous face of tyranny

They were known as the *corros*, the "fame" of the opposition, because they took the risk of appearing in public. Last week their gamble failed. As six leaders of El Salvador's Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR) prepared their latest press conference, more than 200 military, police and death squad forces surrounded the Jesuit boys' school where they were meet-

ing. Students, teachers and parents were forced to lie on the floor while the air was sucked off in unattended cars. Hours later, their bullet-riddled, mutilated bodies were found near Lago Ilopango, a few kilometres from the capital, San Salvador.

One of the dead was the FUR's 50-year-old president, Enrique Alvarez who visited Canada this year. Alvarez was unsuccessful in three attempts as minister of agriculture to introduce land reforms. Another was Juan Chonzo who, at 34, had already spent years in detention as a political prisoner. Chonzo

not become internationally famous early last year when U.S. Ambassador Robert White mistakenly deplored his "murder" to the local American Chamber of Commerce. All six were representatives of coalitions of trade unions, academic associations and peasant groups, membership in which is legal but frequently punished by death.

Ironically, the numbers came a White was in Washington lobbying for a negotiated compromise between the U.S.-backed Salvadoran junta and its opponents, a proposal becoming known as the "Zimbabwe" (after the solution



found to the problems of Rhodesia) spokesman. Aden of President-elect Ronald Reagan were simultaneously protesting right-wing South African combat equipment and armaments, in the words of James Kirkpatrick, that they would "have no problem with a little terror."

Ironically, too, the Organisations of American States was meeting up a meeting at which it had heard reports from its own human rights commission of torture and murder on a huge scale in countries such as El Salvador, Chile and in Argentina where, it was said, 6,000 people had simply disappeared. Faced with a walkout on the part of the governments concerned, however, the OAS shied away from a move, instigated by the outgoing Carter administration, to condemn the countries concerned. Instead it simply noted "a special concern."

The gap between peace concern and brutal reality will be further illuminated this week when Uruguay votes in a constitutional referendum that Carter recently described as an "enjoyable attempt to restore normalcy." In fact, says William Wipfler, director of human rights for the U.S. National Council of Churches, that is "an inaccurate, dangerous evaluation." The military, says Wipfler, has so scorned civilians that the new constitution will merely institutionalize their brutal, repressive rule. "After the genocide the only Uruguayans living in liberty will be those in the liberated prison."

—ANNE NELSON WILLIAM LOWMYER

Leftist leaders (jailed, from left) Leonel Pereira, Norberto Manduca, Luis Ace, Manuel Franco, Juan Chacón and Saul Villela (arrested) indicate murdered mass again but slowly



U.S.A.

The art of codes

Senator Percy sounds out the Soviets on SALT



By Michael Posner

Modern diplomacy is the art of making the skilled negotiators speak in careful code, a delicate language of rights, flags and crypts. These signals, in turn, are read and analyzed by the world's intelligence organizations, resident Sovietologists and Sovietologists, not for nothing are they known as "spies." The work is arduous, often frustrating, and one must always guard against confusing the medium for the message.

It has been a busy month for the code-breakers. On several fronts, Ronald Reagan's team has been sending signals of a resolute line. For example, the president-elect went out of his way to brand the Palestine Liberation Organization as terrorist, but he is wooing George Schein, a man sympathetic to the PLO, for secretary of state. He announced that he would not meet with foreign leaders before his inauguration, and refused an audience to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, but the next week he set out for an hour with General Chaim Herzog, Helmut Schmidt. And when a number of his own foreign policy transition team, led by Gen Brent Scowcroft suggested in Moscow recently ways in which the SALT II treaty might be renegotiated, a Reagan press spokesman was quick to point out that Scowcroft's mission to Moscow had given no official endorsement by the president-elect.

Last week brought some fresh signals, but they were no less confusing. The scream was the visit to Moscow by incoming Soviet Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Charles Percy, a trip planned before the November election but orchestrated after it, in consultation with Reagan's foreign policy ad-

Percy (above left) greeted by Brzezinski and Kissinger; Brzezinski (below) and Kissinger (below) issued signals



course. Certainly the Soviets believed that the veteran Illinois senator was authorized to speak on Reagan's behalf, an appointment calendar was made in Moscow, and they were not far from being so.

But it is not clear that a spokesman's words on what the new administration will do. Van Cleve himself is reported to be increasingly at odds with other key advisers, and the use of Percy as a de facto emissary is itself a message to the Soviets that Reagan at least wants to keep the dialogue going. It also signals that he intends to make use of his defense support system, the Republican majority in the Senate, both to shape and to legislate the policies.

In Moscow, Percy said the Reagan administration would be willing to deploy a strategic nuclear force to achieve nuclear balance, and would not hesitate to link U.S. criticism to Soviet policy in Afghanistan and elsewhere. But beyond delivering these expected warnings, Percy's real mission was to calibrate exactly what the Reagan administration's position will be on the code, the cryptographers must now try to break it.

giving away the store to the Soviets, his recent statements have been carefully worded. "We're keeping open as many options as possible," explains one Senate foreign relations staffer. "From Percy's trip, he will get information on what the Russians may be willing to yield, but he hasn't really committed himself."

Reagan's staff watches in Washington now concede that the treaty, in its present form, is dead. Speculation focuses on three possible avenues of amendment. The first would include only modern changes—some limitations of Soviet heavy missiles, Baskin's favorite, and other cosmetic revisions. Soviet agreement to accept these additional curbs would likely win enough Senate votes to secure ratification at an early date. A second scenario would anticipate more substantive alteration, with curbs on the number of Soviet launchers, a third option—at this stage a remote possibility—would envisage a more radical restructuring of the SALT agreement, one offering strict control of missiles and warheads themselves, not simply launchers. "The arms control community has known for years that the limitations on launchers alone are meaningless," says William Van Cleve, senior defense adviser to the Reagan transition team. "We want true equality at reduced levels of offensive capability."

Van Cleve has urged Reagan to get his new arms spending program under way, and to evaluate the successes and failures of SALT, before meeting the Soviets at the bargaining table. According to some observers, the problem with Jimmy Carter's policy was that his stance on arms control dictated the stance on defense spending. The Van Cleve wing of the party wants to reverse the emphasis.

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Will, Jim, from Kristi Charles in Moscow

New York

Recipe for murder

On the day that he died, 68-year-old Dr. Herman Tarnower—the archdoctor who was seen dining with his Republican dad—had dinner with a new and attractive lover, Lynn Tryfones. Not long after Tryfones left Tarnower's \$500,000 contemporary home, the other woman in his life, Joan Harris, the prim and proper proper headmistress of an exclusive girls' school, turned up with a bouquet of flowers—and a .32 calibre pistol.

Just what happened next, and the decisions and desires that had led up to it, began to unfold last week in a White Plains, N.Y., murder trial that is pro-

Tryfones (below), Tarnower (right), and Harris (bottom right) a jilted lover



viding an extraordinary glimpse into New York's high society—and its darker side. It is a story of a man who was the public at large. No fewer than three prospective authors of "best sellers," several Hollywood producers and journalists by the name of who rate it the best headline-making court case since Pat (Maury) Hearst's trial is set to reveal the proceedings.

Just how much of a media event the trial has become can be judged by the fact that one of the authors, Diana Trilling, has already been through three working titles. Her own original effort was comparatively straightforward: *A Respectable Murder*—but not innocuous enough for her lawyer, who insisted on *An Altered Respectable Murder*. The latest title, much more in tune with the "newspaper" interest in the case, is *Love, Hate & My Heart Trilling* says she got the idea from a man-and-bomb song her mother used to sing.

As the hearing progressed last week, it became clear that defense attorney Joel Aronson was trying to sell the prosecution's attempt to portray Harris as a woman who was the victim of a jilted lover of 14 years when he cut her out. On the contrary, he told the jury, Harris was depressed and insecure,

fragile of heart and under pressure from her mother. She visited Tarnower late on the night of March 10 not to kill him, but to persuade him to help her commit suicide. While they were talking, however, an argument broke out, there was a struggle for the pistol and the wife's doctor was shot four times by "tragic accident."

Either version was guaranteed to tag at the heartstrings, while the evidence of Tarnower's headmaster, Suzanne Van der Veken, was guaranteed to appeal to more basic emotions. Van der Veken revealed that last year the doctor and Harris spent Christmas together—as they had done four decades—in Palm Beach, Fla. But a month later, she added, he took Lynn Tryfones on a vacation to Europe. The headmaster went on to paint the headmistress as a



faded lover who became a nuisance, a woman who did not know when it was time to go away. In the end, she said, she had been instructed to let Harris take the pistol, and to say that Dr. Tarnower was not in and would not be home for dinner. Arthur Trilling claims that it is "the psychology and social context, respectability and its contradictions in our society," that drive part of the story. Maybe so. But one thing is certain. The Tarnower murder seems likely to be an important ingredient of the public diet for some time to come.

—WILLIAM LOWMYER

A legend in crumbling stone



By Hal Quinn

There is a particularly ugly element in an ugly sport. It is uglier than the spectacle of gladiators pummeling each other's faces before screaming, mindless throngs, worse than the legion of men in and around boxing rings, or, more enlightening than the aura of criminality pervading the cigar smoke, sadder than the pathetic remnants of men, drooling punch-drunk in meaty gyms. It is the "fix," the "dive," the "tank,"—a part of boxing through which its hellish evolution from bare-knuckle brawling to worldwide satellite transmissions.

The fix takes many forms, but in the arena it is as difficult to prove as it is to explain why people willingly pay millions to watch two men fight. Usually, the fighter who has been paid or intimidated will fall and not get up right away. Thus the element of dishonesty escalates in direct proportion to the amount of money involved. Last week in New Orleans, millions of dollars were at stake.

The reaction — like a scene in a B movie — is always the same. Those on the inside, the cigar-smoking guys in the grey fedoras, and knowingly at each other. The suckers, the guys in the cheap seats who have invested their paltry wages or, worse, their hearts, on their lives, sit in bewilderment, then scream their outrage. There was such

Leonard and camp celebrating (above), Duran leaving: "Was it a fix, a sting?"



outrage in New Orleans last week, and the suspicion that somewhere, before the smoke cleared, such were exchanged.

It was the same reaction in Havana in 1945 when the black man American loved to hate, Jack Johnson, rolled over on his

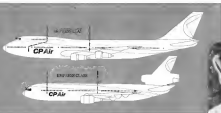
back and appeared to shield his eyes from the sun as the referee counted him out. It was the reaction in 1964 when the brilliant black champion of them all, Sonny Liston, sat on his stool and abdicated his throne to a young Cassius Clay. The reaction was repeated last Tuesday night in the Louisiana Superdome and in sleepy-civilized centers around the world in the eighth round when Roberto Duran walked away from Sugar Ray Leonard, his welterweight crown, his reputation, his honor.

This was the man whose legacy was the single-handed preservation of manliness. This was a man who had lost only once in 73 professional fights, the street orphan of Gauchet, Panama, who was the embodiment of Panamanian's sense of esteem in the world. This was the man who pummelled opponents relentlessly with his famous meaner de pie, who kicked Louis Rivas in the groin during a fight because he taunted him, the man who smiled before and during the first fight with Leonard last June in Montreal that Leonard lacked the athletic prerequisites of manhood, the man who has co-trainer Ray Arnel thought "would gladly die in the ring."

There were few at ringside who doubted that Roberto Duran would beat Sugar Ray Leonard. He had failed, shattered, battered and slayed his way to Leonard's title in Montreal, leaping savage barriers while giving

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Leonard on the ropes. And just as in Montreal the "beast" money was on Duran, but just as in their first fight the betting odds were against him. In New Orleans, the line was 6 to 5 for Leonard. The "beast" money was on the challenger, the underdog, but only good-looking size of the small fighters whose future, as a champion, could be nothing but a string of multimillion-dollar pay days. Leonard's potential income is unfathomable, but in relation to his value to promoters and cable TV companies, networks and advertisers, in the tradition of boxing, his share will be peanuts.

On fight night, there was an air of anticipation, though not enough to attract more than 25,000 to the 70,700-seat Superdome. For him it was because the tickets were scaled from \$1,000 to \$40, with seats at \$500, \$300 and \$100 for any chance of intimacy. Perhaps it was that few had forgotten the fiasco in Las Vegas just a month earlier when Muhammad Ali took \$8 million of the sucker's money to be Larry Holmes's punching bag for nine rounds before getting off. Or perhaps it was that few in New Orleans really thought that Leonard had a chance.

Doc King Productions and Pacific Enterprises Inc. headlined the fight. Doc King, whose hair is styled in grotesque imitation of a crown, is the most successful boxing promoter in the world. He was known as the King of the New-Beats racket in his native Cleveland before serving four years for manslaughter. He has said that he entered prison "with a penitentiary and emerged with an atom bomb of experience and wisdom." His "wisdom" told him that the five gate in New Orleans could break the record \$6.5 million set at the Al-Holness fight (it didn't close close) and that direct-direct revenues could reach \$30 million (they didn't). He also knew that, before the fight a letter of credit in Duran's name for between \$7 to \$10 million sat in a bank in Panama awaiting only a major newspaper story indicating that Rajonar Duran had appeared for the fight. The headline blared: **GUERRA**.

The welterweight limit is 140 lb. With his well-known fondness for food and soft drinks, Duran reported to his training camp in September at 175 lb. The day before the fight, he was 140. After fasting, he made the weight at eleven o'clock the morning of the fight, then went to a restaurant and ate a couple of steaks, some beef hash and orange juice. As the inimitable Panamanian national anthem crackled over the Superdome's public address system, he looked like an implacable savant. Earlier in the week, he had said, "Leonard is afraid of me. Leonard is perhaps." Sugar Ray had responded,



Leonard taunting Duran (above), landing jab (below) "demoralizing total opponent"



"Duran walks around like he owns the world. He wants people to bow down to him, and that leaves a bad taste with me. Sometimes I think that he wants to intimidate the whole world—the men, women and children." In the ring, as Ray Charles belted out America, the Beautiful, Duran glowed across the ring, snarling as only he can.

And he snarled and shook his head when Leonard, glancing and moving as he had failed to do in Montreal, landed two solid rights to Duran's chin. Leonard snarled back when Duran hit him with a left-right combination in the third. Duran charged, hitting Leonard to the canvas in the fifth, but this time he couldn't get back on the ropes, where he had won the first fight. When they fought to close, Leonard was beating him to the punch. Sugar landed left jabs and combinations as he danced in the north.

"I hadn't planned it. It just came naturally," Leonard would say later of his masterful performance in the seventh. "I was demonstrating that I was in total command." And he was. He danced and circled for the first half of the seventh, Duran charging in the last to bring victory, hitting only the ropes. The Leonard dropped his gloves to his sides, stuck out his hand with a bewildered expression on his face and dared the much man to hit him. Duran couldn't.

The eight round dissolved into pandemonium, confusion, confusion. Sugar landed hard jabs, danced, weaved, never letting Duran out of the ring, land slaps punches or take out "the garbage." At 2:04 of the round, Duran raised his right hand and waved Leonard away and headed into the corner. Leonard jumped for joy but the referee brought him back and told them both to "fight." Leonard went after Duran with a right hook to the stomach and a left to the kidney. Duran hardly noticed the blows, waving Leonard away again, and walked to his corner. The suckers screamed.

Ringrules awarded Muhammad Ali: fighting on with a broken jaw. Harry Armstrong stopped blood for five rounds after the referee told him that he would stop the fight. Armstrong kept bleeding. They could recall nothing but what they had just witnessed.

Misuses later, Duran said that he was "paralyzed with cramps in my stomach. My body and arms were getting weaker." He said he was retiring in Panama but reversed later at the work. "I am tired of the sport. I don't want to fight anymore. No more fight," adding that he still does not respect Leonard and that he was still "1,000 times" the better man. The Louisiana State Athletic Commission announced immediately that it was withdrawing Duran's purse—already securely in Panama. Duran entered Baptist Hospital at 2:30 a.m. complaining of stomach cramps. Dr. Jack Kohn examined him and would say only that Duran was fine, but, apparently, suffered from gastritis. Later that morning, millions of dollars richer, Duran grabbed a steak he designed from a fork above his head as bystanders at the Hyatt Regency restaurant stared and the commission freed him \$75,000 for an "unrestorative performance."

Meanwhile, in an endless string of interviews, Leonard protested that he had won back his title "fair and square," but there is no ugly look to the words. Louisiana state legislator Ben Baggett has said, "My fight occurred. Was it a fight, a real physical fight, a fiasco, or what? We need to know." Perhaps the real question is whether there are still suckers out there who cure. ☐

When the shoe is on the other foot

Bata strike worries the shoe industry

By Anthony Whittingham

Here is the perfect target. Not the powerful nor the sickly cat, easily separated from the herd and brought down for the kill—but the bull at himself, whose fall could bring disaster to all the others. Thomas Bata is the most successful shoe manufacturer in the world. This year his family-owned company, headquartered in Toronto,

ing language being used to describe the Bata family down at the union hall in Bramford, a little eastern Ontario town: a few miles north of Lake Ontario near Belleville. There, a major chunk of the local work force—more than 1,000—has been on strike against the Bata Shoe Company since Oct. 27, an angry four-week confrontation not aided by union officials who bitterly denounce Bata, in public, or by the Bata company, which

doles in extra orders as a result of the Bata strike.

Shoe manufacturers across Ontario and Quebec are startled by the sudden surge of union militancy at Bata, and soon, they fear, elsewhere. During the past three years, the steel Bata and Shoe Workers' Union, traditionally representing the largest block among Canada's 15,000 shoemakers, has undergone two substantial inter-union mergers. It has become overnight to become part of the giant United Food and Commercial Workers International Union (UFCW), the second-largest union in North America after the Teamsters International.

The UFCW—which specializes in grocery and department store staffing, not shoemaking—has encouraged the Bata employees to strike over wages and pension benefits, even though Bata has offered both a pension scheme and a 20-per-cent wage increase over two years. The union insists the pension plan should be administered under its own



Portrait of Bata Sr. (left); Bata Jr. (right) signs of union militancy

formal, rather than by the company—the key issue in the strike—claiming union control over the pension would yield higher benefits. No other company in the shoe-making industry has such a plan, but the high-profile Bata is a natural first target. "Bata is the first," boasts UFCW Canadian Director Cliff Evans. "As they go, we follow them."

That's precisely what other shoemakers are afraid of. With production already cut by half within the past 10 years, the Canadian footwear industry today can barely hold its own against cheaper imports. Of the approximately 100 million pairs of shoes sold in Canada this year, more than half will be imported—a figure that would probably be higher but for quotas imposed under anti-dumping regulations. Average industry wages this year is about \$5.50 an hour. Shoe manufacturers are afraid that wages will continue to rise, but if the industry will never be able to compete with the high wages offered in the auto or steel industries, and executive

will produce close to 250 million pairs of shoes in 90 factories around the world, employing more than 80,000 people. The Bata head office building, designed by leading Canadian architect John Purkin, underscores the company's attention to style and design, ranking it along with international companies such as Cliffield and Reunion as a leader in graphics excellence. Bata's wife, Saida, serves as a director for a number of Canadian corporations, while son, Tom Jr., 32, saw a company executive, trained at the Harvard Business School. "You don't have to overstate your imagination to depict the Bata as privileged and aristocratic," says a senior official at a rival shoe manufacturing company in Hamilton, Ont.

But last week there was less flatter-

ing language being used to describe the Bata family down at the union hall in Bramford, a little eastern Ontario town: a few miles north of Lake Ontario near Belleville. There, a major chunk of the local work force—more than 1,000—has been on strike against the Bata Shoe Company since Oct. 27, an angry four-week confrontation not aided by union officials who bitterly denounce Bata, in public, or by the Bata company, which

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Gold in the ivory towers

When Marwan, Japan's largest importer of foreign publications, set out in July to find the best computerized library system in the United States, the search ended in Canada. And when the New York Public Library decided to catalogue its immense collection by computer, it also turned to Canada. The chosen one was the University of Toronto Library Automation Systems (UTLAS) which, after spending 17 years automating 70 per cent of Canada's libraries coast to coast, now ranks as the second-largest such system in the world after Ohio College Library Center. Constructed from Japan and New York, announced last month, represent sales of \$1 million to \$2 million and may only be the beginning for UTLAS in the export market. Requests have arrived from nine other large U.S. research libraries, along with serious inquiries from Europe, South America and even Peking.

Clearly, thanks to automation, libraries are not what they used to be. Outgrowing new books, for example, now shelving and organizing, becomes a split-second operation when a computer flashes up the correct entry form, spits out catalogue cards and keeps a running record of a library's holdings. As well as offering tread-and-butler products to cards and monofilament catalogues, UTLAS had the foresight to develop diverse services, many of which will evolve into play through the Japanese contract Data transmission via telephone cables will fully automate Marwan's overseas book-ordering department, while services related to the 300,000 books of these libraries, in turn, will be connected by computer terminal to the Toronto data base (which contained 60 million unique entries at last count), enabling them to use UTLAS' cataloguing services. Eventually, services will be offered in Japanese, a challenge to say North American computer, but one that UTLAS—long bilingual in



Sheel (left), Sheelco's president and vice-president, more than we ever expected?

French and English, and soon to handle Hebrew and Cyrillic scripts in the New York project—is prepared to meet. "We chose UTLAS," says Marwan Director Yoshinori Shimada, "because it is a total, comprehensive system. Its services and products are much more than we ever expected to find."

Like the U of T Press and the Royal Conservatory of Music, UTLAS is an "ancillary enterprise" of the university, which means, among other things, that its profits—approaching a million for the current fiscal year—go into U of T coffers. UTLAS' success, as seen by its annual growth rate of 40 per cent over the past seven years, is due largely to the savvy of Director Everett Kinnet, an engineer with extensive senior manage-

ment experience at RCA, Unesco and Xerox. A timely injection in whether or not controversial ventures within academia can help offset budget cuts (last month \$10 million was lopped off U of T's operating budget for next year). But, says U of T President James Hani: "The university should not be running profit-making enterprises to provide the rules and help for educating young people. UTLAS is a superb example of the university's capacity to make technical and social contributions, and any revenues should flow back as seed money for other innovative endeavors." Whatever pocket the money goes into, UTLAS is demonstrating that, if managed well, university R&D can reap welcome returns and produce that most precious of commodities, a Canadian high technology export.

—PAT O'NEILL/STAFF

Just chequing

Those who may have despaired of ever seeing changes in Canadian constitutional law within their lifetimes may take heart from this week's passage in Parliament of that first, second-in-line legislation, the Bank Act. After more than four years of debate, four finance ministers and three governments, the legislation, last revised in 1987, is now a final act in a complex 941-page document that will little affect consumers. The new act does call for a number of important changes in bank regulation, but none that have been requested previously used by banks, thus saving the consumer a few dollars. As well, banks will now be able

to sell tickets for local public transit systems, thus saving a few steps.

The biggest change, however, is that the new act opens Canada's previously strictly closed shop for the first time to foreign banks. Although some of the large international banks may now try to get into consumer banking traditionally enjoyed by Canada's Big Five (Royal, Commerce, Montreal, TD and Scotia-Bank), the first move is likely to be the opening of local-offices-only downtown branches in the larger cities, aimed chiefly at business loans and commercial accounts, an activity they have been carrying out unofficially for most of the past decade. A revision is scheduled every 10 years, but since the last time, there has been no change in 15 years, thus saving us all for a while before it's chivalled again.

Between bliss and bedlam

Just because drugs work in fact doesn't mean they work in theory

By Val Ross

Ron Loyal was a high-achieving, half-breed runaway kid and his foster parents said he was unmanageable. Because the Alberta Children's Aid didn't know what else to do with him, they put the 14-year-old into the Alberta School Hospital for the mentally handicapped, in Red Deer.

He wasn't crazy when he went in, he says. But he was almost engulfed by what he saw and experienced there after "Drugged-out rebots, including me... we couldn't do anything, we could hardly walk right. We sat and waited to die." One day, after three years of drug therapy, he decided not to take his medicine any more. Within the week, his facilities had cleared sufficiently for him to make his break. Today, at 37, Loyal works in Vancouver as a trucker and in his free time stays in for a chat at the ex-Mental Patients' Association (MPA) drop-in centre in Kitchikano. Loyal takes no drugs today, he says. "If I had stayed among the zombies, I would have killed myself."

Marvin Zajac, a friend from the MPA drop-in centre, shares Loyal's horror of the drugs, yet he disagrees with his conclusions. Zajac enthusiastically partakes of a tongue-twisting menu of three anti-psychotic drugs—chlorpromazine, trifluoperazine and benzydolazine, in combination with a benzotropine. In counter any muscle spasms induced by the first three. "These drugs keep me on a roller coaster type of nerve trip," complains Zajac, 29. "But I'd rather be on medication than back in Silverview Hospital. Anything? But not that!"

To drag or not to drag: the debate has brought the mental health professions to a state of schizophrenia, which simply means that one person does things another person says have no in-

ten in reality. On one side of the debate stand those who believe that drugs can cure. For the lab-coated believers in the biomedical model of human behaviour, saving mental disturbances is simply a matter of blocking the chemical agents in the brain that facilitate transmission of "fuzzy" messages—hallucinations, paranoid fantasies, irrational fears. "At last you don't feel like screaming," says Benson Brandt, a Prince Edward

Island resident, who is not the pills, liquids and suppositories themselves, but the sometimes reckless irresponsibility of those who self-administer and regulate their use. Now this side is gaining both strength and government allies. Topping the scales is a growing body of reports of over-prescription of mind and mood drugs, of alarming side effects in long-term users, and of deaths.

Whereas one side in the drug debate, it is clear that the psychotropics are very widely used, both within institutions and in the community. The elderly, roughly 10 per cent of the population, use 25 per cent of psychotropic drugs, of which over half are minor tranquilizers. Almost half the mentally retarded in institutions are being given psychotropics, according

to a study of eastern Ontario institutions. And a 1977 Saskatchewan study suggests that one in five Canadians has received a prescription for a psychotropic drug.

The reasons are obvious. Drugs work. One single drug, chlorpromazine, is credited with reducing the mental hospital population of the United States, Great Britain and Canada by 20 per cent in one generation, strapping patients like Martin Zajac out of institutions and into community life. The psychotropics are relatively cheap. Compare Canada's annual \$1-billion bill for mental health care with the modest \$20 million that Canadians will have spent this year on minor tranquilizers, the \$12.5 million spent on antidepressants, the \$12 million on anti-psychotics. In spite of increasing numbers, many psychotropics are still classified as "safe." Minor tranquilizers are on federal drug schedule V, which means they need not be as closely monitored as the schedule G "narcotics," such as the barbiturates they helped replace. Touted as one of the safest drugs in that

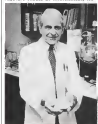
category, Valium, Valium/duas pure North American consume over 6,000 tons of the little wonder pills annually—they calm epileptics, coronary patients and even women.

These are just some of the reasons the psychotropic drugs are now more common than a nurse's smile in the care of the mentally disturbed, the institution-bound and just about any other man on the street who wants to take the worry out of being worried. Have these chemical agents redeemed the human condition? McNeil University's Dr. Henry Lehoucq, world-renowned pioneer of drug therapy—he admits he could not lecture, travel and promote his work without his trusty Valium—summed up that fervent belief two years ago when he told a conference on psychotropics,

"In our sad, over-stressed society, you cannot live without drugs."

Nonbelievers such as R.D. Long, the radical Scots psychiatrist, have long argued that Lehoucq was wrong. To an peddling chemicals that convey messages but in no way cope with the very real family and personal difficulties the messages are about. Recent 160-degree pivots in policy regarding minor tranquilizers indicate that the American and Canadian governments agree. The February, 1980, bulletin of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) says minor tranquilizers may be "agents of harm when taken for long periods"—which the FDA now considers more than four months. This fits

in the face of two decades of doctors' prescribing habits. One typical study found that 62 per cent of Toronto users had been filling their minor tranquilizer prescriptions for from four to 16 years. Ottawa's Health Protection Branch (HPB) monograph on the subject, to be released this month, is more radical. Consolidating current recommendations from at least one drug company—Hoffmann-La Roche warns that Valium users should not miss doses—Dr. Ian Henderson says, "Wise anxiety is intermittent, use of anxiety relievers should be intermittent, too."



Zajac (below) at his shop-in-centre; Lehoucq (above) in our sad, over-stressed society, you can't live without drugs.

Henderson, director of HPB's bureau of human prescription drugs, now says that is some cases—such as the death of a spouse—an appropriate term of use is five days.

The point in policy was propelled in part by USAM voluntary reports of adverse reactions to minor tranquilizers, anti-psychotics, antidepressants and sedatives received by 1979 since 1975. Another catalyst for government action was the growing body of adverse reaction studies. Anti-psychotics, for example, are known to cause involuntary and irreversible spasms in long-term users—hardly conducive to mental well-being. The antidepressants have even more depressing side effects: irregular heart beats, sometimes leading to death. There is increasing proof that those beloved minor tranquilizers aren't as safe as once believed; either. In one 1976 study, over 60 per cent of Valium/diurams users reportedly considered themselves to be "mildly addicted" while other reports document "rebound insomnia," nervous problems, acute yawning, withdrawal, increased nightmares, increasingly inarticulate speech, impaired movement. There's even a Swedish study linking prolonged use with poorer performance on IQ tests. Clearly, discretion is the better part of Valium.

It's ironic that drugs intended to soothe should jangle the nerves. Yet Dr. Donald Workman, physician at Millhaven Penitentiary near Kingston, Ont., recalls prescribing minor tranquilizers to an inmate who went on to



BETWEEN BLISS AND BEDLAM



Inmate being unhooked at French asylum: the ghosts of Beaulieu

"By out of his cell in one of our garrets." The second time this happened, Workman launched a study which concluded that 3-6 times as many acts of aggression occurred when inmates were on psychotropic drugs. Workman explains, "They're like booze—they just transfigure your inhibition."

This evidence is troubling, but still fragmentary, in the face of the millions of cases of users who have found peace through modern chemistry. What may have tipped the scales in Ottawa and Washington were the bodies there were well-publicized bodies — such as Riva Frenkel, dead at 42, his doctor found guilty of polypharmacy (the over-prescription and mixing of psychotropes and other therapeutics). And there were the anonymous bodies, the 30,000 who died in American hospital emergency rooms in 1978 after mixing champagne with other drugs and/or liquor in various combinations. In Canada last year, there was the body of an Alberta, dead of pneumonia, and exposure while doped on psychotropes.

Twenty-one other Albertans and 500 others in various combinations to commit suicide in 1979. The body of Patricia Green, a 30-year-old mother, was found in her room in Vancouver's Riverview Hospital, the only apparent factor being a minute amount of an anti-psychotic in her blood and "the loss of the will to live." And then there was the slightly blue body of 19-year-old Alvin Aikins, found dead or he lay in Toronto's Queen Street Mental Health Centre last June. His breathing had apparently been suppressed by massive doses of haloperidol, another neuroleptic and

disruptor (see box, page 42). Psychologists are now such a threatening part of North America. It's that this is as shocking as news that apple pie is a killer. Perhaps, administered in excess and with a large degree of irresponsibility, they could be, admitting that this has been the case with drugs, isn't the fact, Henderson states, "We're all over-prescribers." Henderson says it's all a problem of doctor education. Drugs are among the physician's most recent tools, but the amount of time spent studying them is very small. At the University of Toronto medical school, for example, end students get

Poorly: experimental may get out, but mixing dangers is malpractice



137 hours of basic pharmacology and 20 hours of clinical pharmacology and therapeutics out of approximately 6,000 hours of schooling. After graduation, they're on their own.

One shocking revelation of the recent inquest into the death of Gladys Trivelpiece—a Toronto woman whose body contained diazepam, antidepressants, alcohol and a painkiller—was the testimony of her doctor, Gary Boston. He told the jury that he was not aware of the dangers of the drugs Trivelpiece was mixing, all his knowledge of drugs, he confessed, was gleaned back in medical school. The second shock of the Trivelpiece inquest was its conclusion: The deceased was blamed for her abuse. The jury recommended that the College of Physicians and Surgeons make "random checks" on doctors' record-keeping and their awareness of government dangerous-drug bulletins. The jury further suggested that the college should ensure availability of a program of continuing education—"still voluntary, of course."

The major sources of information on drugs after a doctor has graduated are bulletins, journals, conferences, manufacturers' various pitching techniques. If American studies are anything to go on, the single most important source of information about a new drug is the "detail man" or medical representative of the drug company. Detail men are, according to the April, 1979, *New England Journal of Medicine*, "the single most influential source of information for physicians when the drug is first prescribed." Among other drugs, McNeil Laboratories of Kenilworth, Ont., distributes the best-selling antipsychotic drug, Haldol (generic name: haloperidol), fully 80 per cent of its staff are medical representatives who span the country, checking on stock levels in pharmacies, chatting with GPs and drug buyers for institutions and, as McNeil medical rep John Maclean puts it, "persuading needs, or creating them." Maclean, who has a concrete degree and whose medical background when he was hired at 21 consisted of three years' ambulance driving, explains that his recovery training did not touch on mental illness or alternative therapies. "Diagnosis is the doctor's job," he believes. "Besides, I can't see how that would help sell."

In addition to depending on detail men, doctors also report heavy reliance on the nearly \$1-billion worth of advertising the drug manufacturers spend annually. Proof that these ads are effective lies in the fact that 92 per cent of prescriptions are for brand names, as opposed to generically named, drugs. As pharmaceutical manufacturers are

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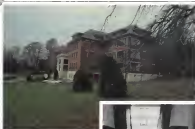
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BETWEEN BLISS AND BEDLAM



Review (above): patient paving emotional troughs and mountains into a parking lot of menapause feelings

quick to point out, no other ads are as regulated, or require as much censure, as pharmaceutical ads. For the first two years after a drug is introduced, full prescribing information, including negative effects, must be carried in the same issue of a medical magazine as the ad, so ads can go to general publications. So thorough are the descriptions that they are also submitted by the drug companies to The Compendium of Pharmaceuticals and Specifications, one of the standard references in drug therapy.



A baffling death by misadventure

Last month's inquiry into the death of a 79-year-old Toronto man has raised crucial questions once again about the use of mind and mood drugs. What do doctors really know about the effects of combining these drugs in one body? What happens do they dosage? It "should be no surprise" that the hospital staff's doses of 300 mg of haloperidol, plus methotrimeprazine plus diazepam in less than 48 hours produced a fatal interaction, say writers, pharmacologists. Dr. Edward Sellers, told the jury. And yet it was a surprise. And the defense testimony of the witnesses cast little blame on anyone for the death.

In June, 1988, a severely psychotic former mental hospital patient, Aldo Alviani, having and exposed himself, was quiet off to Blumber Memorial

Hospital in west Toronto. The doctor on call gave him 75 mg of the antipsychotic drug haloperidol and seemed to send him to the Queen Street Mental Health Centre (QSMHC) downtown. Before the ambulance arrived, Alviani was given an additional 50 mg of haloperidol, another antipsychotic, to control the hefty 250-lb man's ranting and daffing. Dr. Moyer Haffer, Alviani's admitting doctor at QSMHC, prescribed 16 mg of haloperidol to be repeated every half-hour. At the inquest, Haffer said he recalled seeing no mention of Blumber's dosage—the staff had apparently forgotten to note it—yet, he told the jury, the knowledge would not have altered his prescription. "Radical drug therapy" has been well documented in the literature and I'm familiar with it," Haffer explained. "It has tremendous therapeutic potential."

At 1 p.m. the same day, the patient was assigned a new doctor, Richard Finkel, who ordered 40 mg of haloperidol every three hours. But because the patient's charts weren't changed—a

Yet there are still loud and angry critics of pharmaceutical advertising, the Consumers' Association of Canada takes the position that it shouldn't be allowed at all. The card's medical adviser, Dr. Murray Katz of Montreal, insists, "You should only teach about drugs—advertising is by definition biased." Anne Smart, of the Women and Drug Use Society of Saskatoon, is particularly scorned by several members who pushed transgressions for "the empty nest syndrome." Smart storms: "That's medical nonsense. When a woman's children leave home and she feels empty, that's not a disease which requires a drug." Aldo Katz: "Where was the double-blind study to show that 500 women who took the trunk got over their empty nests faster than the 500 who took the placebo?" The law says you must back such claims, but it's not rigidly enforced.

Compounding the problem of information is the sheer number of variables involved in drug therapy. Most of the country's hospitals make independent decisions regarding appropriate dosages and mixtures. Moreover, each individual reacts to drugs in an individual way. For example, the amount of haloperidol, which is combination with two other drugs called Aldo Alviani, was administered regularly to one Edmonton patient, and, says Dr. Roger Blaud of the University of Alberta, "He's still pretty lively."

Coupled the lack of interpretation of all these messages, variables and data flying at prescribers with the repeated assurances that psychotropics are harm-

less administrative bangles—a tortoise continued to give Alviani the three previously prescribed quantities of 15 mg of haloperidol. The total in his body by this time was a staggering 300 mg administered within 26 hours. At 5:30 p.m. the next day, a third doctor, Felix Varnachewsky, persuaded the 110-lb aggressive Alviani to take another 20 mg of haloperidol plus 100 mg of methotrimeprazine. Varnachewsky told the jury he knew he was taking a calculated risk in ordering a final 50 mg of diazepam at 4 p.m., but explained that he preferred to use drugs over physical restraint. An hour after the ingestion of diazepam, a nurse found Aldo Alviani blue, with no pulse or respiration. While the pathologist's report stated that the drugs "may have been a factor" and the coroner's jury decreed last week that the cause of death was "therapeutic misadventure," the question of how these drugs interact, why they may be effective at one moment and fatal the next, was once again left unanswered.

—CATHERINE BOOD

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BETWEEN BLISS AND BEDLAM

cally safe—no wonder an atmosphere of experimentation prevails. Dr. Thomas L. Perry, a pharmacologist at the University of British Columbia, tells of one schizophrenic currently on chlorazepate. "But he is also getting lithium, which is far more-depressant," psychosis, a totally different disease. So he has both! Moreover, he takes an antipsychotic for endogenous depression." The conclusion: "Writing diagnoses is a widespread form of malpractice."

Ruth Cooperstock, a medical sociologist at Toronto's Addiction Research Foundation (ARF), serves the difficulties of getting good, unbiased, interpreted information on drugs. "It's a mess." Canada's health-plant economy is one factor. Because most drugs are developed abroad, that is where they are tested. The Canadian government not only relies on American tests but also on the multinational drug companies' industry-supported research firm, International Marketing Services of Montreal, for its data on Canadian sales and markets. In the U.S., freedom of information laws make these data freely available. But the Canadian government must buy it, and in 1978 and 1979 could not afford the \$9,000 to \$25,000 price tag. Even standard reference volumes, such as *The Compendium of Pharmaceuticals and Specials*, rely more on private industry for information than on objective government material. Cooperstock criticizes the Compendium for "not selecting drugs on the basis of safety or appropriateness for neurological problems. It takes no position," says Chris Kats. "It should be burnt."

In spite of the dearth of objective information, most doctors trust drug therapy with a wary sense of responsibility. The Saskatchewan drug plan, the only fully computerized over-all plan in Canada, has provided proof that it only takes a few Dr. Penikese to provide for the overusers. One urban physician identified by the computer was the sole prescriber for 27 extreme users, so doctor-shopping by patients seems to be the insidious factor in abuse.

Randy Trevelthorn of Ottawa, a 39-year-old former psychotropic addict, tells Dr. Adams, "You can tell a doctor who's on the side prescribing for 27 extreme users, no doctor-shopping by patients seems to be the insidious factor in abuse. Ready Trevelthorn of Ottawa, a 39-year-old former psychotropic addict, tells Dr. Adams, "You can tell a doctor who's on the side prescribing for 27 extreme users, no doctor-shopping by patients seems to be the insidious factor in abuse. Ready Trevelthorn of Ottawa, a 39-year-old former psychotropic addict, tells Dr. Adams, "You can tell a doctor who's on the side prescribing for 27 extreme users, no doctor-shopping by patients seems to be the insidious factor in abuse."



Trevelthorn with Compendium: "You get into writing your own prescriptions."



Detail man' MacInnis, no training in mental illness or addictive therapy

heart was strayed by an awesome mixture of Valium, Secobarbital, Serenol and booze. After hospital, he put himself into Ottawa's Rehabilitation Clinic for addiction withdrawal. "Best damn thing that ever happened to me."

In a recent interview, American neurologist Sid Caesar told how "from 1962 to 1978 I was asleep on my feet" with Valium, Secobarbital and alcohol. "I took the pills, but my doctors made them available." Yet real blame should be laid in front of those who made it possible for doctors to make drugs available: the southern government and professional regulators Dr. Stuart McLeod, director

of clinical pharmacology at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, was asked recently by a health professional to comment on her complaint to the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. She had careful documentation, including a list of all prescriptions her deceased father had been given by his drug-happy Ottawa psychiatrist. The list, which covered a breathtaking 73 pages, listed dozens of drugs that she charged, had led her father to complete of inability to concentrate, shaking hands, jitteriness, insomnia, blurred vision and impaired social relationships. McLeod gave the college's complaints committee his opinion that the doctor's therapy appeared to be irrational, hit-or-miss. Yet the complaints committee only admonished the doctor and has refused to investigate his prescribing practices with other patients. McLeod signs "It's hard to be judgemental about something like psychiatry that's not clear-cut. And if you discipline this one doctor, there may as well be others who are equally culpable."

More responsible regulation, more comprehensive drug education, compulsory professional upgrading, just very simply, the necessary reforms are really just a matter of taking these powerful therapeutic tools seriously. As 1979's *Montreal Mirror* admits: "Clinical pharmacology is still in its infancy. We don't have how these drugs really work." Therefore, their use is a license test of whom in society is expendable for purposes of experimentation, namely, those admitted victims of over-prescription, the institutionalized, the elderly and the disabled.

Whether a drug is helpful, therapy or not, can only be determined by paying personal attention to each individual's problems. Last year the staff at Bryony House, a transition house in midtown Buffalo, surveyed its hardened wives and runaway women residents. The survey's conclusion—that women on tranquilizers took longer to leave violent, abusive marriages than those who were drug-free—underscores yet again the real loss that potentially useful psychotropics have been subjected for serious attention to real problems: a bruised and bloody face is not the product of a stressed mind. Drugs alone cannot be expected to subdue eyes, liberate prisoners of physical and mental prisons, roll back the pain of aging and certain death. All that Caesar needs for therapy can offer is a building action, a remission, a chance to break the cycle of depression, come to make a deeper change. Fundamentally, taking drug therapy seriously is a matter of taking people seriously too. ☐

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Mirabel logo: spectacular hops

room, convenient Montreal International Airport. But, at last, time may be catching up with the airport of the future. Two stuporous developments could combine to make Mirabel a continental gateway for air cargo.

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energy expenses on the "hydrogen economy." Hydrogen's first use in aviation ended unhappily with the burning of the German dirigible Hindenburg in 1937. But the generation of airship now hurtling down the drawing boards will use hydrogen not as a higher-than-air gas but rather as a liquid fuel—the same used to propel space rockets. Lockheed California Company will be looking for airports that could handle a future fleet of its L-1001. Trident jets converted to burn hydrogen instead of jet fuel. The hydrogen-fueled jets would be cargo carriers, ideal for Min-



Gore: caution about hydrogen plans

nel, where existing freight-handling facilities operate at a mere 20 per cent of capacity. More importantly, Mirabel is a dream site for the production and storage of the hydrogen fuel itself.

Quebec could be in the world vanguard of modern hydrogen production because of its abundant water and electricity as well as technical advances quickly accomplished by Noranda Mines Ltd. Noranda has significantly cut the cost of using electrolysis to split water into its components: oxygen and hydrogen. A commercial hydrogen plant is to be built in 1983, perhaps at Mirabel itself, by Noranda and Canada's Electrolyzer Corporation Ltd. Quebec's hydrogen project would make Mirabel an altering step on the international freight circuit being promoted by Lockheed, which anticipates a severe shortage of normal jet fuel within 30 years. Hydrogen, the preferred substitute, can be extracted from coal or natural gas as well as from water. The new aviation fuel would be pollution-free—water vapor is its only exhaust—light-

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er, more powerful and safer since it would rise into the air after a serious accident instead of spreading over the ground like conventional fuel.

Los Angeles International Airport is likely to be the first in North America to become hydrogen-equipped, and Mirabel would be an ideal mate, says Eric Brewer, Lockheed's hydrogen manager. A rumored project of the hydrogen arm of aviation, Brewer says, plans converted to use the fuel could be flying between Mirabel and Los Angeles by 1998. "If a liquid hydrogen facility is developed at Mirabel, it would make



Jones, probably the leading edge in world technology for liquid hydrogen

very good sense for Canada and the U.S. to co-operate on this program." He has suggested to both American and Canadian defense departments that they convert their Lockheed-built submarine chasers to hydrogen.

Hydrogen has its Canadian booster in Eric Jones, research head for Noranda. "We've been involved in hydrogen research for five years and we're probably the leading edge in world technology," Jones and Ontario's Urban Transportation Development Corp. are considering a plan to convert Toronto's commuter go trains to hydrogen, which would be made from the excess output of the province's nuclear reactors. His has been to include twice this year to advise that country on the possible conversion of its fishing fleet to methanol, a fuel it could produce from peat and hydrogen.

Perhaps the most discouraging factor in the liquid hydrogen file is the fact that the federal government, as Lockheed's, will be the ultimate authority. Transport Canada's director of Strategic Studies, Neil Gere, is cautious. "I'm very enthusiastic about hydrogen-fueled planes and, to my mind, they're inevitable—but what is a different question." Based on Mirabel's past experience with government decision-making, fast—and hydrogen aircraft—may pass it by. —DAVID THOMAS



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Tia Maria is a liqueur made of anise, cinnamon, and vanilla. It's a very, very, very good drink.

COLUMN

Freedom is not a one-way street

The essence of liberty got lost amid the gnashing of typewriter keys

By Barbara Amiel

Unlike rabbits, there is no vaccine for hysteria—which explains why so many of Canada's most eminent writers and journalists have been feasting at the mouth these past few months over the Ian Adams libel case. After all the columns, rallies and gnashing of typewriter keys, perhaps it is time for a dispassionate look. Because is no vaccine, but it may be an antidote.

Adams is a Canadian author and journalist. Some years ago he got together with a Toronto journalist named Tom Haxitt who was dying of cancer. Adams made an agreement with Haxitt—possibly just to give some shade of hope to a dying man—to coauthor a book on the RCMP. There is some suggestion that the book might have made particular reference to the story of Jim Bennett, an ex-RCMP officer now living in Australia, whom newspaperman Haxitt had interviewed. Bennett, sometime head of Canada counterintelligence, had undergone a loyalty investigation in 1978 in which he was absolutely cleared. Shortly afterwards Bennett resigned from the force on medical grounds. Haxitt's story discussed rumors that despite the clearance Bennett had, in fact, been a Canadian Philby—a KGB agent. It also raised the question of CIA infiltration of the RCMP. Whatever the truth, it seemed clear that Haxitt felt there was a good deal more to the Bennett affair than met the eye. But, sadly, in 1978 Haxitt died.

At this point it becomes necessary to look at Ian Adams. His writing reveals a man genuinely concerned about the nature of our society and ways in which it can be improved. He wails, both loudly and anxiously, grapples with social issues because, as Adams says, "all writing is political." In Adams' case politics means reflex liberalism '60s style, which sees everything from violence to poverty as the inevitable byproduct of our free-enterprise institutions. If he were a right winger he'd be the sort of person who believes that taking religious out of the schools is a Communist plot. As the equivalent left

winger he sees a multinational-Chinese semi-elitist plot behind most everything.

In 1975, Adams faced a dilemma. He had feelings about things shown at the RCMP, fuelled by his conversations with Haxitt. But he either couldn't get the necessary research or the research he was getting wouldn't prove his hopes for theories. This is where the True Believer and the socialist sort says: If the scientist can't get the research to support his theory, he abandons the hy-



Adams: even a retired RCMP man can sue

pothesis or puts it on a back burner. The True Believer won't abandon a good plot for lack of supporting material. If he is honest, he turns it into a book of fiction. In November, 1977, Ian Adams published *Portrait of a Spy*, a novel about an ex-RCMP head of counterintelligence now living in Australia who is given a loyalty test which he passes only because he has the goods on the government via the Featherbed file, allegedly documenting subversion in the government. In truth, says the novel, 8 in a 1000 men who was unassured by the CIA and used by them. Adams has his book and his thesis—and only one problem. Jim Bennett says. He claims that 3 is true, and he doesn't like being painted as a traitor when he isn't.

Fair enough. Everyone is entitled to his day in court. If Bennett sues a newspaper, it will cost him. If it isn't then he has a right to clear his name

Meanwhile, consistent with his, ahem, mind-set, Adams hires a first-rate left-wing lawyer to defend him. On balance, however, it might have been smarter to have gone to a first-class right-wing lawyer who might not have included a defence unknown among the ordinary defenses of libel—namely that Adams did not intend 8 to be Bennett. (The more routine defense would be (a) this is fiction (b) truthfulness (c) the right to defend (d) qualified privilege.) Given this standard defence, the courts had no choice but to demand that Adams show just what he did intend—and reveal his sources.

Which is the point at which the Writers' Union, journalists and literary persons of various degrees of eminence, went into a St. Vitus's dance. The end of freedom of speech. Censorship. The Globe and Mail's William French wrote that "it involves not only freedom of the press for journalists, but the wider issue of freedom of the imagination." How could a fiction writer's word, even the chair, and by such a beyond-the-pale character as a retired RCMP officer. The judiciary, who are not as enlightened as writers, took the position that, arguably, one man, even one writer, Whorepuss Macneil Atwood took the position that the judiciary "in cutting its own throat." That's where it all stands, unless ranges are iron and it's basting, unless out of court.

Reaching in the dark, the same range have swung his prison. Who knows. But shouting in the dark is still poor hunting. The problem seems to be that Adams wanted it both ways. The format of his book took the subtle RCMP intelligence—The Inside Story—very clearly an attempt to cloak so the alleged truth of a roman à clef. Fast, not fiction. Only Adams didn't want to take the responsibility for fact, he preferred the freedom that fiction gives. But freedom is not a one-way street. It is not there simply to protect and help writers. It also protects and helps citizens—even ex-RCMP officers. And the freedom to have one's day in an open court is not, as Margaret Atwood claimed, as an Ian Adams benefit, the sign of a totalitarian take-over. It is the essence of liberty.



The golden youth market shows its grey hairs

By John Masters

The signs are subtle but growing. Levi's introduces a new line called *Bend Over* for women who don't fit the younger sizes anymore. Kellogg's tranquilizes Tony the Tiger and markets two new high-fibre cereals for old bowels. A Dallas dairy products firm puts out a low cholesterol cheese. As the post-war baby-boom surge to step up around the wasteline, advertising companies and their clients are slowly changing their approach to marketing. Aging consumers like Robert Young, Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall show up pitching decaffeinated coffee and luxury cars on TV. Also shown is a radio spot for a no-fishy-odour convertible toward middle-aged women rather than sleek young men. The tyrannical 24-and-under "youth image" is starting to teeter on its golden base, the new "seniority market" is coming of age.

This still-mild coming of older men and women has its roots in the greying hair of North American life. Ten years ago *Gray Hair* was the cutting edge of trend. Peter Fonda wearing down the open highway on his Harley-Davidson dagger while Steve McQueen's *Born to Be Wild* jived up jowly chords behind him. One decade and many Volvos later,

consumers take their devalued dollars to the aptly titled *Ordinary People* or *Kramer vs. Kramer* with an asexual *World's Strongest Man*. The U.S. votes in its eldest president ever and Vancouver columnist Denny Boyd glibly dubs it a victory for "Greatest Formula over Ultra Brute." The Pepsi Generation with its happy exhortations to "Come Alive!" may not be quite ready to code the fear to ratty *Grease* penitents.

As the baby-boom bulge shows up around the wasteline, the marketing approach changes

evoking "Stay Awake!", but smart businessmen have twigged to the fact that jolly geriatrics, aided by improved health care and falling birthrates, are taking over. This decade the 25- to 64-year-old crowd will control a whopping 51 per cent of discretionary income, and a full 55 per cent of that will be in the steady hands of dollars in the formerly "flighty years" of 45 to 64. There's over \$50 billion a year, a figure with enough juice to plummet even the most dedicated flag-waver of the 18- to 24-year-old bracket.

For companies like Thrifty's, Canada's largest pete store chain, this has meant acute quick retarding. "In the

past two years the appearance of our stores has been cleaned up considerably," says Sandra Collett, Thrifty's national advertising manager until mid-November. "Five years ago for a jangle we might have used hard rock. Today we use a much softer, middle-of-the-road sort of format." The deans' present isn't shattering its base of 12- to 34-year-olds, but its new lines are meant to appeal to older types whose centres of gravity are shifting. "Our buying patterns used to be heavy on vinyls 66 to 70," says Collett. "Now we sell out of 32 to 34s. This fall we started a new line called *Concave*. It's specifically for men over 25 years old, broader in the hip with more space to bend."

Another outlet that knows which way the wind blows is *Rolling Stone* magazine, the 17th of 50th anniversary. "It doesn't accept any drug paraphernalia ads anymore," says the Stone's unapologetic ad manager Billy Davis. "When you have substantial commitments from companies like General Motors, Ford, Eastman Kodak and Seagram, why jeopardize that position?" *Rolling Stone* is not the publication it was in the '60s. Nor see the people reading it.

The realization that the grass is greener "over the hill" has brought entrepreneurs flocking to the new "air" hairlines. One example is *Prime Time*, a New York-based magazine geared especially to those in their "prime," ages 45 to 64. Since its debut in January, circulation has shot up to 100,000 a month. Ad income has been so good that publisher Barbara Hertz refuses even for products exclusively associated with the later years—arthritis remedies, denture adhesives and the like. Other advertisers are learning to

rethink their ideas of the middle-life years. After General Foods was humiliated with soaplines, the company replaced a commercial featuring an obviously wacky grampa befuddled by Country Time innuendos with a sexy ad cast with all his faculties parking. And Heinz won't make another pot like its short-lived *Senior Foods* line, which was intended for mature bowls and gripped oldies' saturated minds about as imaginatively as pet food. The trick, advertisers are learning, is to include the suggestion that a product



More emphasis may switch to "new" concepts like growing old gracefully

might meet seniors' needs as well, rather than clinging to them.

While the glow from the youth image may die in coming years, it won't fade altogether. Segmentation of the market, via cable TV and specialty magazines, will help ensure that, somewhere, the old members on, as unchanging as Doris Gray. But for most of the population, an old of Gray sales rise, aging is likely to become a much less painful process. "We will age more confidently," suggests Dennis Bruce, national creative director of MacLaren Advertising in Toronto, Canada's largest agency. Instead of *Daddy Warbucks* types denouncing tight pants and breath to win back lost youth, the emphasis may switch to "new" concepts like growing old gracefully. Ad execs in the '80s may go (trudily) wild "discovering" such worthy viable virtues as wisdom, experience and respect for elders, but they won't get carried away. The prospects of toothless grins that keep on smiling for Lubell's Grey remain slight. "There must be an element of reality," allows Bruce, "but remember you're appealing to a diverse image rather than a real one. If you look at a bunch of 40- to 44-year-old beer drinkers, for example, they don't see themselves as potbellied, reactionary and going to seed. They see themselves as younger and fitter and sportier. They don't identify with Greek Adams, but if a beer is positioned as an 'old' beer, ain't nobody going to drink it." ☐

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It's growing to a great day
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The good Samaritan gets a face-lift

The volunteer's credo 'Help Thy Neighbor' has expanded to include 'Help Thyself'



By Toby Kershman

Just a few decades ago, volunteerism was the domain of noble, white-gloved, blue-nosed ladies who traded gossip about housekeepers while robbing crumbler sandwiches at any feeding time. But in recent years, economic circumstances as well as the feminist movement have undermined that powder-puffed code of respectability. Voluntary work has been stigmatized as exploitive, and women, propelled by financial necessity as well as a thirst for status, have demanded payment for their talents. Since the manpower dilemma was drying up without the traditional wellgrooming of female "do-gooders," the volunteer industry has been forced to professionalize or perish, stagnate or languish. And so, slowly, volunteerism has been transformed into a career, acquiring all the accoutrements of a paid job—without the pay. Says Nancy Reiker, executive director of the Volunteer Centre of Metropolitan Toronto: "If there is a crisis in the volunteer community, that crisis is in adjusting to its new face."

A fresh portrait of the contemporary volunteer cuts across all ages as well as both sexes. The most recent statistics indicate that at least 18 per cent of Canadians are under 18 and 25 per cent are over 60. More startling is the fact that 45 per cent are men and nearly 60 per cent simultaneously hold paying jobs. For many of the new breed of volunteer, the credo in that paid work environment by voluntary efforts leads to a more balanced life. That's the philosophy of both Montrealer Cathy Scott and Winnipegger Dan Johnson.



A flip brothers group (top left); Frank's in early '60s (top right); and class at Holland College (above) no longer the domain of noble, white-gloved, blue-nosed ladies

Pretty three-year-old Scott deliberately splits her "work" hours between a 20-day-a-week paid job as a social worker and the presidency of the TRCA. Johnson, a former volunteer probation officer and now, at 26, a psychology student at the University of Manitoba, takes time off from studies to run the Contact Line, a phone referral and placement service. "Money isn't everything," says Johnson. "The things I receive in giving of myself—you can't put a dollar and cents value on them. It gets down to basic feelings of purpose and self-esteem." While national figures are



boisterous enthusiasm is a pilot project of the Toronto volunteer centre, the first of its kind in the country. Operating with a \$200,000 grant from Imperial Oil, the six-month-old program hopes to lure employees to adopt volunteer projects in the community on a group basis. Called the "Involvement Corps," it charges a \$1,500 service fee in exchange for helping a variety of corporations design a calendar of short-term social service activities such as organizing a huge poster for seniors or raising funds for charities. It is intended to boost employee morale along with the corporate image. So far the centre has approached eight companies, including Shell Oil and Levi Strauss.

The key notion here is acceptance by the volunteer community of the reality that altruism is not pristine pure but is laced with a healthy dose of self-interest. The volunteer's needs become as crucial as the cause served. On a pragmatic level, it means offering flexible hours for volunteer activities during evenings, weekends and extended lunch breaks to accommodate employees. On a more psychological plane, it means recognizing a craving for educational and social stimulation. "Volunteers are very

Volunteer at work 'School for Good Eggs'



self-fulfillment-oriented," says Margarin Barzino, director of training at the Vancouver Volunteer Centre. "They want to learn and grow as individuals. Often their lives are transitory and they look for a variety of experiences." Reflecting the shift in social roles and aspirations, most women, she says, are volunteering for administrative positions while "men want human contact. It's okay now for a man to be the nurturing type."

"Help Thyself," then, is the current pitch. To meet this requirement, programs have sprung up at volunteer centres and university colleges stressing the value of voluntary work in self-development, boosting personal confidence

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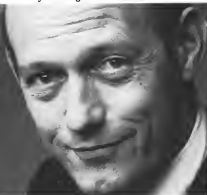
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recation, leadership and managerial skills. Holland College in Charlottetown operates a Leadership Institute for some 2,000 volunteers per year in conjunction with about 30 voluntary associations. Mohawk College in Hamilton, Ont., runs a program. School for Good Knees, involving two week-end workshops in life skills. And this month, the Volunteer Centre of Calgary is introducing a "support services" program, a form of Dale Carnegie course to bolster the interpersonal skills of unconfident volunteers. Says Executive Director Joyce Dickman: "We're not using the shotgun approach aimed at the bored housewife anymore. We're appealing to the career development aspect."

But the movement to legitimize volunteerism which extends beyond these measures to include the concept of contracts and quasi-political activity. Since 1976, the Toronto VVOA, among others, has asked its 400 volunteers to draft written agreements on "rights, responsibilities and mutual expectations," including job descriptions. The agreements are designed to reduce the potential for exploitation—such as when a volunteer signs up for an eight-hour shift and ends up staying 12. While volunteers receive no remuneration for their efforts, money has indirectly become a political issue.

Early next year, representatives of the Canadian Association of Volunteer Bureaus-Centres and the SVO—a network of 180 National Voluntary Organizations—are scheduled to meet with federal cabinet ministers to pressure for Income Tax Act changes allowing for the deduction of volunteers' out-of-pocket expenses as well as an increase in the \$108 limit on deductible charitable donations. According to a 1975 report by Steven Carter of the University of Manitoba, the average volunteer is not comfortably upper-middle class. 48 per cent have a family income below \$12,000, making expenditures such as travel and babysitters almost prohibitive.

All though volunteerism may no longer have the features of the wealthy, it probably would not have succeeded in acquiring a new face at all were it not ennobled in the timeless Judeo-Christian precept, "Help Thy Neighbor." "I don't feel the time will come when people stop volunteering," says Ruth Halvax Prusker, 77, a real member of the Canadian Cancer Society who has seen the organization's Toronto unit evolve from a post-Second World War committee of six women to the present corps of 125,000. "Volunteering is invaluable against the boredom of everyday living. It allows you to lose yourself in an interest and to feel a deep sense of satisfaction and fulfillment." ♦



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AGRICULTURE

An embryonic market bonanza

Frozen fertilized eggs may revolutionize cattle breeding



Markeloff and Johnson transferring embryos in solution; carrying herbs in suitcases

Since the early 1980s, North American cattle breeders have been transplanting fertilized eggs from prize cows to poorly bred surrogates, producing bigger and better herds. The process has proven as successful that last year more than 20,000 cows were inseminated by transplant. But the artificial process has a limitation: the fresh fertilized eggs (embryos) must be used within 36 hours. Now, however, two veterinarians at Saskatchewan's Western College of Veterinary Medicine are taking the operation one step further. Besides Markeloff and Walter Johnson are freezing the embryos. If successful, the technique could revolutionize the cattle breeding industry.

The process is extremely delicate. After cutting a dance out to "superovulate" by injecting dairy at a certain stage of her cycle and then breeding her, the embryo was flushed from the cow and placed in a solution to prevent the cell membranes from rupturing. Then they are frozen carefully by reducing the temperature from 15°C to -19°C at a rate of only 3° a minute. So far, Markeloff and Johnson have achieved a 30-per-cent success rate. "What we are trying to do is improve on what is the accepted rate of successful frozen embryo transplants," explains Markeloff. On average, nine embryos are collected after superovulation, but only three survive the freezing process and one is lost in transplanting. "We've got lots of work to do yet," says John-

son, who is in charge of the freezing technique, though both men expect satisfactory results within six months. The most apparent benefit is the potential for very high yields. Gordon Wells, acting general manager at the Saskatchewan Agricultural Development Corporation (AGDEVCO), which is backing the research with a \$50,000 grant, says that theoretically one cow could produce 150 offspring in her 10-year reproductive span compared to a maximum of 10 naturally.

The success of the procedure may also mean that the expensive practice of importing top Canadian breeding stock will no longer be necessary. Last year, Canada exported \$48 million worth of dairy and beef cattle while AGDEVCO spent \$40,000 just to transport 70 head to Hungary by air freight. This year AGDEVCO's transportation bill for a similar shipment has dropped by 50 per cent, cutting the company almost \$900 an animal and decreasing its competitiveness in the world market. In contrast, the same number of macroscopic fertilized eggs, safely stored in a handling, would not exceed \$10 each to transport. "The idea of being able to carry a whole herd in a suitcase is fantastic," says Jay White, a reproductive physiology specialist at Saskatchewan's department of agriculture. Better yet, the prize breeding stock would still be showing these calfs in Canada, waiting for the next visit from the vet.

—DALE EISLER

BOOKS

Under wraps: the best of the biggest

Gift books this season are beautiful objects celebrating lost places and times

From the bowels of the publishing industry trafficking the long rocky road of 1980, it seemed that the big Jewish gift book might be shelved, because, obsolete like the adding machine or the assembly line worker, for this Christmas season. But there have been no apparent cutbacks or purse strings tied tightly; instead, books seem more lavish and were as unexpected as if they had no regard for the economic climate or the advent of the silicon chip. The book is a beautiful object this season, remembering times past, celebrating things that can't be made anymore and special places (and people) that won't exist much longer.

But first to places that do exist and will exist forever, if only in the minds of armchair travellers. *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places* by Alberto Moravia and Gunter Gampel (Lester & Orpen Dent, \$24.95) offers no history, no bells or whistles of the future, just fantasy worlds that might exist, on that planet if we could find the right ferry to the island, the portal to the underground or the train to the mysterious Himalayas. The maps and charts provided are black and white and the entries take a useful Reader's Digest approach. Then, one is advised to approach Selene, Paul Fenn's bloodless black-marbled vampire city, only in daylight, and if compelled to venture into the home of a vampire to "at once open [a flask of] sealable wax, because there are few smells more pungent than that of a vampire, especially in his own house." All in all, the horrible places are more interesting than the happy ones. Common sense does not apply to any of the worlds listed here—Prosper's Island, the Land of Oz or Rube Goldberg's incredible cities. The link between makes for pleasant glimpses of relief from the workaday world.

From imaginary places to places that exist, almost enough said to be real. *Manusland* is an anachronism, an impinged-upon little corner of the universe that straddles the border of Kenya and Tanzania. In *Manusland* time has stood still sort of, and *Manusland* (Penguin, \$10), with 200 color photographs by Carol Ruckelshaus and text by an "Maasai" warrior Tapito Ole Saboti, attempts to catch it all before the clock starts ticking again. The Maasai have retained their way of life in the midst of



From *Manusland*: when charmed lives end



Map of an imaginary place: no room for common sense in any of these kingdoms.



Tortoise in new pond on the Galapagos, not to mention the blue-footed boobies

violent change in Africa—possibly because in the beginning, tall robust warriors on cattle made with their short swords sang the Roman leopards and earned the new European settlers more than other tribes. But, says Saboti, it will be the net-on-banana neglect of local governments, which have not restricted new settlers on Maasai grazing lands or provided the tribe with education and health care, that will bring charmed lives to an end. *Manusland*, shot in the incredible, under light of dawn and dusk in the Rift Valley, catches the lives and faces of a people about to be crushed in a vise.

A similar fearful nostalgia and desire to record for posterity things that are slipping away was *The Big Boy*, Moravia's inspiration for *Imaginary Places*. *Islands Lost in Time* (Penguin Books, \$36). A 26-year-old photographer who has lived in a lush rock house on the Galapagos since she was a child, Moore knows how to convey the air of the enchanted island, as Herman Melville called them. Here are the tortoises Charles Darwin loved, and the 13 species of finches that legend has made the key to his theory of evolution. Not to mention the bewilder, friendly birds with surprising blue or red feet, and the spiny cactus hands against the sunset, imitating the black and red lava spires of the islands. No wonder naturalists make pilgrimages to the shrine and scientists work hard to undo the imbalance of decay man has already caused.

Vancouver, Canada (Clarke, Irwin, \$19.95), a collection of candid photographs circa 1930-1914, should contain some of the best of the best. Perhaps because Rick Butler's arm as he travelled across Canada, capturing glass negatives and old photographs was not to lament but to celebrate. Here is Louis Riel pleading his case—he had a huge beard and looked more like a warrior than a saint, here a British Columbian housewife, an oilworker and a noble feminist, a pin up bar shorts and rides a motor stove for the camera, here a team of guys pulls a dog sled during the Klondike gold rush. Most images of these times have been reflected through the mirror, American eyes at that, and find sympathy in the eye of each photo in this book either looks down accepted wisdom or turns it into just that—wisdom.

If you are bawling for the real world, the here and now, the "de facto

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realities," as the editors put it, there's no better place to find it than in the ninth revised edition of *The Times Atlas of the World* (Fitzhenry and Whiteside, \$15.00). What are the Soviets up to? Are they crossing more borders? Where is it and how do you say it? All these questions are answered expensively, with a trace of British asperity, in this 11-1/2 single-volume atlas, which requires an Atlas to lift it. Map-making in this day and age is no easy chore, just before press time the editors realized that there couldn't possibly be so many



In "Visiting Canada" Mattia Gundersen makes a slowtrack to the refracted image

streets in Tehran still named after the shah, and had to scramble after the new Iranian government to find out which street names had been transposed into the key of Khomeini. Dollars and cents maps also had to be applied to mapping the U.S.S.R., the Soviets, in their penchant for secrecy, falsify all their maps. You still want the real world?

Welcome to the artist's house of mirrors. Vladimir Nabokov makes no bones about wanting to live in that perfectly round, delicately crystallized every tower (though he insists on a telephone and an elevator). And he expects that all great artists, including those he examines in *Lectures on Literature* (Academic Press, \$25.95)—a posthumous collection of the college lectures he taught—had to live there in order to come under the classification of artist. Deeds with Dickens the social reformer and Flaubert the chronicler of the bourgeoisie, up with the artist as enchanter and the novel as fairy tale. Nabokov takes us on a capsule tour of seven masterpieces, by Proust, Kafka, Joyce, Dickens, Austen, Flaubert and even Robert Louis Stevenson, always searching for the exquisite detail that signals delight. "Although we read with our minds, the seat of artistic delight is between the shoulder blades. That little

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**Orlando Góngy: Lives in a grass and
broccoli hut. Parent's health is not
very good. Children must help with
work.**

Nothing could save his life...



has watched his parents' hard work
amount to nothing but despair. He
has watched as their health slowly
ebbs away. Along with the other
children of the barrio, he could not
break poverty's hold on his life.
Nothing could save him till
someone cared.

Today, Orlando is one of the lucky
ones. Poverty no longer holds him
so tightly in its grasp. Now he has
hope—and all because a member of
the Canadian Toy Manufacturers'
Association reached out to help
him—through Foster Parents Plan.
They helped Orlando, then they
sold their friends and now more
than a hundred needy children
have hope, as more and more
CTMA members become new Foster
Parents—sending ripples of care
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... till someone cared.
Through it's hard to tell from his
picture, Orlando is eleven years old.
For eleven years his starry young
body has watched all the hopes
poverty can give. He has been hun-
gry, weak and often frightened. He

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shrive behind it quite certainly the highest form of canon that humanity has attained when evolving good art and pure science. Let us worship the spine and its temple.

Nabokov would have approved heartily of Victor Arnautoff's (Pentecost-Hall, \$75) on the magical decorative style of the 1930s—revealed in this book as much more than anglicisms in praise of the also-modern. Dees was anti-functional, devoted to the beautiful detail, its crowd summed up by painter Etienne Courcelle: "I believe that an object which is useless has its own rhythm, a high distinguished value. I believe in the useless, in the strange, in mystery." Deas, chains and vases (really art objects masquerading as desks, chairs and vases) were made of the most exotic materials—gold leaf, ebony, violet and amethyst woods—their only aim being beauty. And breaking boundaries of style. Popular dance vases and metal statuettes elevated the new women of the 20s to the status of icons and made her artists in a weird way—the girls with bobbed hair throwing their limbs about or running after wall-hounds, sometimes brandishing little whips. Dees is once again in vogue; these artists to worship unless in mystery.

Speaking of vision mystery, even the word "Tiffany" conjures up something in the mind. Not greed for beautiful things necessarily or an overwhelming desire for breakfast, but a feeling akin to a short story by John Cheever. I'll sole Members—but only as it used to be. How in that day and age can the corner of 87th and Fifth Avenue still be devoted to old money ways, rich fairy tales and life at the top? Largely through the efforts of 90-year-old Gene Moore, Tiffany's longtime window trimmer, creator of the 1920 or so magical window displays in *Windows at Tiffany's* (Pentecost-Hall, \$65). Moore wants his windows to elude passersby to stop and say "ah", and they do, largely because he treats priceless jewels as if they were so many important than clear socks. Diamonds in the dirt, emerald brooches lying casually on the floor of miniature apartments, and tableaux of a jewel thief mouse who in the last window ends up in jail. Moore's sense of humor and his style never fail him—as is attested to by the number and kind of senior-to-be-famous artists who have worked for him: Andy Warhol, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg.

Free art-lover windows to art books proper. A.J. Casson's *New Life & Wonder* by Paul Daral (Pentecost-Hall, \$75) is subtitled *A Tribute: A Movement* would have been more appropriate. In erecting this museum work to honor the last living member of the Group of Seven,

there was no penny-pinching. Pages after pages of gorgeous reproductions, daily touched in the smallest brushstrokes, are mounted like trophies from the distillated places of the frame houses in *The White Village* to the haunting *Swansea After Rain*, with its summer clouds making back like great celestial clouds. Unfortunately, Daral's text is no match for this lavish display. True, coffee table books needn't be the most elegant of literary animals. But Daral is sloppily repetitive (on two consecutive pages he tells us twice that in 1906 Casson followed Franklin Carmichael to the growing firm, Stinson Matthews and lastly organized. While it is occasionally insightful about Casson's work, Daral's writing is muddled with clichés and plagued by stiffness, the only elegance is in the paintings, each worth its thousand words.

If A.J. Casson is a muffed manager, Frances K. Smith's *André Blier* (Wiley, \$34.95) is an evening's tale told before the fire. Smith spins the story of this rubberist and curious artist with a novelist's timing, pausing for a laugh, filling in the quietest moments. In the 20s, when art in Jackson, a cow or a windmill, and in the early 30s when northern landscapes by Jackson's Group of Seven began to turn heads, Blier was finding his own idiom in

Art Deco's elasticity, a weird eridom.



Quebec, charting the "slow rhythm" of presents as "leaves in bare branches in winter, wrinkled as withered apples." While charting his growth as a painter, Smith also reveals the role of the Swiss-born artist in the formation of a national cultural consciousness with missionary zeal. He organized the first conference of Canadian artists in 1941, set of which emerged the Federation of Canadian Artists, the seeds for the Hestey Commission and, ultimately, the Canada Council. Against the backdrop of his vivid vignettes emerges a tender portrait of Blier and a strong document of the time he lived in. *In Passionate Spirits: A history of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, 1880-1960* (Clarke, Irwin, \$35), Rebecca Blier has tackled the great white elephant of Canadian art history, wrestling it to the ground with considerable aplomb. She maps the monumental metaphysics of the academy's role over the past 100 years from great paternal figure at the turn of the century, to federalist reactionary in the 20s and 30s. In the 50s it was a bastion of conservatism—Jack Bush actually "knapped to immediate exploratory works into Academy shows" and "juries were definitely wary of experimental forms and young radicals"—and eventually its power dissolved, its meagly underwritten by credible commercial galleries.

Break away to...

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Thilly's window once SP-dirtydiamond

and rival art establishments. With a light anecdotal touch, Sater has cleared murky political waters and presented a lively reflection.

With a narrower focus, yet the broadest range of art, is Howard Hubbard's *The Metropolitan Museum of Art* (Pittsberry and Whitehead, \$65). A landmark gift celebrating the museum's 100th birthday, this book helps with hundreds from Gipsy's strange, treasures from the saloons of kings and masterpieces from every era. Meant as a survey of the museum's finest, this could serve as a concise history of art—with a catalogue from the Gipsy's to the Museum of Modern Art to fill in a few large blanks. The museum's trustees were "by and large profoundly uninterested in modern art" and none of the works illustrated as the chapter on the 20th century was purchased before the Second World War. Confronting a staggering wealth of plates is an intimidating tale of whims, of the variety of financial wizards who put the museum together, of men like J.P. Morgan, a "bookish collector with some knowledge and little eye" and the art connoisseurs deemed to handle them.

From art books with pictures to picture books occasionally artful. Like Thomas Capelin's recent fictional experiments and his own account of the life of murderer Gary Gilmore. Norman Mailer's *On Women and Their Disgrace* (Masson, \$39.95), with photographs by Milton Greene, is a melting of real and imagined facts that both challenges and rests on the mercy of the reader's trust. Mailer boldly presumes to write autobiographically, as if he, as well-known as a man, were Marilyn Monroe. With the help of Greene's images, mostly of Monroe but also of other fabulous creatures such as a princess-like Audrey Hepburn or a wistful Joan Crawford, he achieves a spellbinding fairy tale, brought to life with delicate, coarse and charm.

"Marilyn Monroe? She was a genius." Thus opens Deana Vreeland, now editor-in-chief of *Vogue* and fashion legend, in *Anna* (Doubleday, \$21), a potpourri of work by musicians and photographers such as Baron De Meyer, Irving Penn and Edward Steichen, accompanied by a selection of Vreeland's best hair sets, the book is as big as a dance floor and as a Vreeland's extraordinary voice, a rich entertainment. *Anna* celebrates the pleasure to be had from style, whether expressed in a slipper shot by Guy Bourdin or portraits of Kathi Stewart and Gertrude Stein. As Vreeland says, "You just couldn't take a bad picture of those two old girls."



Casson's 'The White Village' Moore by Miles and Greaves: you just have to trust

Not surprisingly, every subject in Jill Krementz's *The War of the Wives* (Bantam, \$24.95) is a writer. Krementz is a commercial photographer who "does" authors, but she does them with taste and sensitivity. Her aims are obviously more reportorial than artistic and she meets them well. The portraits, taken for the most part during the '70s and in the author's homes, include one of E.H. White in an undisturbed bathhouse, one of Eudora Welty sitting in perfect typist's posture before light curtains, one of Susan Sontag behind a table full of foreign books, and one of Janet Frazier digging on a cigarette as if her life depended on it. Others can easily choose other favorites.

Likewise, the sitters in Arnold Newman's *Artists: Portraits from Four Decades* (McGraw-Hill and Stewart, \$62.50) are all one breed, but the photographer's own solemn aesthetic art is more serious and starting. Those who know

and saw something about Mondrian, Picasso, Hopper, Stieglitz and the many others are more apt to enjoy and learn from seeing their faces and environments.

Photographs by Beaumont Newhall (Parade in *Hot-Uts* (Bantam, \$22.50)) are an artist's vision of devotions with no need for words. Working uniquely and primarily with Polaroid images, sometimes sandwiched with 19th-century photographs, Newhall likes the boundaries between generations and spaces—the woman in *Grandmother* has grown for. Sometimes the prints are stark and clear, but even then the theme is of confusion and disorientation. Just right for today.



About those people who won't be with as much longer. Incurable trivia freaks, film aficionados and connoisseurs may find enough motivation to wade through two hefty show business autobiographies, *Swenson on Swenson* by the 41-year-old former queen of the silent screen, Gloria, and *An Open Book* by 74-year-old and mouth-to-never director John Huston (Random House, \$29.95 and \$39.95). An *Open Book* is anything but, unless Huston's fans don't already know that his nose was broken (for the third time) by Errol Flynn, they can expect nothing more revealing than his love for horses, pythons, hippos and champagne. Swenson, at the opposite extreme, gives occasional vent to every single and often brutal detail of her days as "the greatest attraction since P.T. Barnum's half-dressed whale on the fair."

The 70s epitomes include descriptions of each dress, jewel, car, mansion, film and nearly every sexual experience. Beginning a blow-by-blow account of her Jewish Kennedy affair with their first dinner together, Swenson faithfully reports, "he ordered a shrimp cocktail to start." Is bad J.P.R. had "a nasty dream." The same could be said of Huston's autobiographical writing. Concluding nearly 400 pages of curiously flat marriage, Huston points at the abyss—"The whole story has not been told, of course." It's as though he thinks there's time left to tell it. Swenson knows better.

—REVIEWED BY ANNE OUELIN
ANN JOHNSON, DAVID LEVINSKY
AND BARBARA MATTHEWS

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6. *Joshua Tree and Now*, Fowler (1)
7. *Alibi*, MacLean (2)
8. *Perseus*, Bird, Fowler (2)
9. *Voyage in Time*, MacLean (1)
10. *The Ghosts of Africa*, Stevenson

Nonfiction:

1. *The Northern Maples*, Gorge (2)
2. *The Invasion of Canada, 1912-1913*, Gorge (1)
3. *The Second Herman Treasury*, Gorge (2)
4. *Customs*, Gorge (1)
5. *The Little Bookkeepers*, Russell (1)
6. *The Sky's the Limit*, Kerr (1)
7. *Discipline of Power*, Gorge (3)
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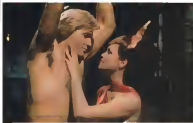
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FILMS

A giddy flash through space



FLASH GORDON
Directed by Mike Hodges

As preached in the right spirit, Flash Gordon is an enjoyable bit of silliness, and it is the wise teenager who will leave his room at home, as he would his teeth in a glass of water. The screenwriter, Lorenzo Semple Jr. (the remake of King Kong), has a knack for lopping his tongue in his cheek and still being able to talk plainly. He has let upon the right tone for a comic strip adaptation: large violence and campy fun delivered without the loss of an eyelash. "Prepare her for our pleasure," intones Ming the Merciless (Max Von Sydow), a graduate of the Fu Manchu school bent upon destroying Earth from his Clark Kent empire in space. But first he has to deal with Flash (Sam J. Jones), a blonde, lanky look just dumb enough to get out of any stage.

When Flash and Dale Arden (Melody Anderson) are whisked into outer space by mad scientist Hies Zarkov (Telly), their arrival at Ming's Pleasure Dome (extraneously but exquisitely designed by Fellini's set designer Danilo Donati) is greeted with mixed emotions. Ming, whose evil emanates from pure sex, naturally wants everyone dead, but his daughter, Princess Arden, played by the lovely, blond-eyed Ornela Niemi, is more concerned in Flash's flesh. Ming, too, in defiance of Dale, Zarkov gets his brain drained ("We are going to empty your mind, as we might empty your pockets"), Arden saves Flash from death and escorts him to her personal "pleasure room," and the palace revolt is on.

Though the special effects are on the cheap side and the direction little more

Jones, Mike, falling for Flash's flash

than workmanlike, Flash Gordon has the good, giddy grace never to take itself seriously. Scaly-headed and feathered, the movie puts a clasp on the kind of softie pandemonium so pervasive in the Star Wars saga. "Get the women," Arden's brother's assistant with glee. "Oh no—eat the women!" she squeals. There are swamps and monsters, dinosaurs who fly through the skies in battle, space ships that are a stuffy mix of pastels and blood types that seep out of bodies in a variety of colors. Only the music by rock group Queen and the music editing touch on the ordinary. As the hero, Jones is appropriately blockheaded, as the villain, Von Sydow is impish, and everyone else, having been let in on the joke, appears to be having a ball.

The budget for Flash Gordon was one of those astronomical sums now commonplace in the industry—enough to feed a family of four for several centuries.

Amiga—let them eat popcorn.
—LAWRENCE O'BRIEN

No cup for this race

THE DREAM NEVER DIES
Directed by William Johnston

Here's the outline: there's the Cans dies kid, a natural wonder, right? He's handsome but slight, very And native—could be anyone of those kids hanging around the so-called perfect in Banff. Then there's this budding Snow, huge shoulders, ruddy face, real peasant pose, looks like he could lift the Matter-

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born. Now these two look up a sudden death, it's okay, this little Canada anyone to beat the monster Swiss at his own game. What a natural! What an idea! But that's it, an idea, an outline. That's about all there is to this 40-minute film. The problem seems to be that the idea came too late, with no chance to catch up with events. Real life can't be re-created.

Producer-director William Johnston and his crew went to Europe last winter to chronicle the Canadian National Ski Team's 1970-80 season on the World Cup circuit. It looked like a promising year for the Canadians and a bankable underdog, with the Lake Placid Olympics upcoming. The effort paid off in a pre-Olympic



Need sure was a heck of an idea, but...

pic television special. But then Ken Rend began charging at the World Cup downhill title. He was a couple of races in Europe and returned to Canada, capable of winning the cup in the last event at Lake Louise. Johnston's Toronto production company went ahead with the bigger picture. A North American had never done it before, beat the Europeans for the cup, but it didn't happen this time either.

Rend's failure was not for lack of preparation. At least he came close. The movie didn't apparently never consider if it had followed Rend and Sven de Daele of the cup. Mueller, from the start, developed a sense of competition through words and action, sought insight into their upbringing and activities, incentives and goals. This might have been a documentary worth doing. What's guaranteed is a series of headlines and place-names, a chronology of races and race results, a tour of alpine villages and the mountains that surround them. On these mountains is Ken Rend in a seemingly endless medley of events and times, slow-motion and harrowing downhill effects set to music, with a booky-down narrator reading clichés in search of an idea. But ideas are only the first step on the path to good work, not the last.

—Ken Zuckerman

THEATRE

Steps toward an empty stage

After 26 years of the most planned-out theatre money can provide, the Stratford Festival is facing the 1981 season with no artistic director and no actors. The recent appointment of English director John Dexter to its top artistic post prompted the festival's double whammy, triggered by the board's abrupt dismissal of its all-Canadian artistic directorate in favor of Dexter, Actors' Equity Association has voted to boycott Stratford until one or more Canadians hold the job. Last Thursday, Dexter himself fell when Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy, in a startling confirmation of the nationalistic cause, denied him a work permit, claiming that a thorough and reasonable search for a Canadian director had not been conducted.

By publicly agreeing with Equity's stance, Axworthy has set an unusual and perilous precedent. Board President Robert Hicks proclaimed himself "mystified and baffled" by the decision and reported that the board had considered a search involving 20 Canadians, offered the job to some half-dozen but had been refused each time. Says Hicks, "Unfortunately, Mr. Axworthy is substituting his judgment for the judgment of those who are running the theatre." The spectre of direct government involvement in the internal affairs of cultural organizations has now been raised. Not only has Axworthy questioned the competence of the board to find a director, but his artistic policies and management of personnel have been impugned as well. Why have no eminent directors applied? Why did so many turn the job down? Not all had previous commitments, and Axworthy's stated repugnance to their evident reluctance deal with a board whose policies can be increasingly believed one of the festival's founding goals: "To provide improved opportunities for Canadian artistic talent"—and whose "commitment to ordinary principles of human decency" (in the words of Stratford's Equity rep Rod Denton) has allowed the festival to demarcate from provincialism.

The board's biggest blunder to date—and they have been legion—was its self-confessed misstatement of the directorate's terms for its proposed 1981 budget, which the board now claims would have been financially disastrous. But the directorate was never given a chance to revise its first proposals, a customary procedure between theatre boards and artistic directors, and in fact the board actually approved them in a subsequent



Hicks (above, left), Hicks, Dexter (below left), Axworthy, blunder have been legion.



to the Canada Council on Oct. 31. Later that day, the board suddenly decided that the directorate's budget would incur a \$1.3-million deficit and contacted Dexter, who had miraculously been available—many claim he was the board's choice all along. In defense of the board's revised estimates and Dexter's hiring, festival executive director Peter Stevens claims that the original council submission was really "very, very preliminary." But those who have seen the document say that the lineup of plays, personnel and operating costs was actually quite detailed. Given the evidence for the board's apparent bad faith, demands for its resignation have come from the Ontario Cultural Alliance and the nationwide Association of Cultural Executives. Equity is demanding full support for



the boycott from its members. Boycott president Dan MacDonald, "The reaction has been fantastic—one member said he was proud of my stand—he was actually sending in his dues."

Canadian theatre nationalists have clearly won a decisive battle, but the victory may be pyrrhic. The fundamental issue behind the dispute is not whether a Canadian should head Stratford, but whether Canada's government is willing to invest in infrastructure for cultural management that will truly represent the aspirations of all members of the community—business, artistic and lay. Says John Hicks, the ex-Canadian director universally recognized as a legitimate candidate to rule Stratford (who, inexplicably, has not yet been asked) "The boycott against Dexter is just a symptom of a deeper malaise. We have to devise a better way of governing Canada's theatres instead of passing judgment on individuals in an ad hoc manner." The appointment of a Canadian artistic director and the replacement of the entire festival board without corresponding structural changes in the relations between the two will not further the cause of a vital Canadian theatre. Prior Mess, a member of the dismissed directorate, explains fervently, "God knows, nobody wants that piece closed." There may be no other way.

—MARK CHARNICKI

A paddock of PM-ish horseflesh

Most of the leadership speeches are mere pillow talk

By Allan Fotheringham

A good leader, by definition, is one who takes time to ascend the podium. Hefty that he may be run over by a bus some morning. From Elton John, who has his own private bus as well as to modern, does not meet that test. Proof positive is the absolute stampede of subordinates who, secretly on their pillows, are preparing to spring to the starting line the moment his sacred retirement is announced. There is all the attendant periphery on the Tories about to connect: membership on Joe Clark. Not even former—

Candidate may die with Chrysler. Eugene Whelan you think I'm kidding. (This is Trudeau's fault, not mine.) Running hard. Building farm network for solid first-ballot placing. Professional status. Would be first prime minister who speaks number of two official languages. Really rearing for larger cabinet spot after leadership conversion. Can we stand an external affairs minister in gait boots?

Mark MacGuinn, newest "talked-about" candidate. Baby well in baby



Alan MacLachlan early book favorite. Theory is party even him the prime minister's robes as "interim" basis until next election. Ever see a Scot who look anything on "interim" basis? Always to be first in history who survived brutal financial post. That's why he never opens his mouth. Holding to be Canadian version of Calvin Coolidge. Breathily behavior. Does not own dog.

Jack Roberts has last baby fat in surroundings of near Magnificent check, not thought of as heavy, but running hard. His expensive Toronto apartment. Ivan Playhousness working in his Ottawa office on leadership campaign. Can a chap leap from his own environment, minister in 1987. "Is Roberts," says a Tory, "the light against old man is a prime minister event." No chance. Too many canyons.

Herb Gray, Mr. Charismatic. Candidate who flirts the most with Trudeau threat to punish anyone who openly laments after his job. Gray running hard, spinning wheels. Says reporters drink at conventions. Even says "Auntie. Scruffs don't leave Clapham."

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.



Larky. foreigners. Loves a fight. Couldn't resist an open race. Has hair.

John Turner still exercising hard. Has every Tory businessman in Toronto. Only problem, is a wrong party. Convinced he can win. Don Macdonald. Aims to benefit from worldwide shift to the right. Would get along with Brian Regan, but Turner never been pictured on a horse. Hard to ride in three-piece suit.

Don Macdonald hurt badly by being badly checked out of last December's series by the born-again Trudeau. Not sure he can beat Turner. Has little hair. Getting impatient, which doesn't help hair.

Ray Bonarman, handsome. Telegenic. Elegant. Youngish. High profile as constitution. Only difficulty is that he is No. 2 man in Saskatchewan NDP government, backed up behind Allan Hawkey. Has to make switch. How? That's his problem.

Gerald Regan, second Maritimes candidate. Has tricky terrain serve. Has tricky portfolios labor and sports. His sense of humor. May be a windcap.

Bever Mackenzie-Paul. Helpier, running as a quail. Long day at the track.

Gordon Gibson, has it all—money, lots of hair—but doesn't have a seat. Being from British Columbia, not liable to get one.

Don Johnston runs a run from West—man who wears cowboy hats win the West? A sleeper in this field, but not sure he wants to expose his soul to the hatches of those dreadful media chaps. Has better chance, too.

Ed Lunney, the George Hens of the Eagles. Has teeth and hair. Boundless energy. Can't understand why everyone in politics isn't like.

Francis Fox, lots of hair. Ed Schreyer only problem is for buddy Trudeau to delay retirement until Schreyer term as governor-general runs out in 1984. Must stay away from chips and champagne bottles. Medium hair.

Paul Martin Jr., still the winner. Have I ever been wrong?



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